WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIII OCTOBER, 1916 No. 6

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor

IN THIS NUMBER

The Three Irish Cardinals Throw Down the Gauntlet of Romanism to Americanism

King Henry VIII., His Wives and His Children. Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens and Popes

Editorial Notes and Clippings

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By THOS. E. WATSON

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CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS TIMES.

THE DARK AGES: Feudalism, Superstition, Papal Power and Tyranny, Religious Persecutions.

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THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

JOAN OF ARC: Her pure girlhood; heroic mission; saves France; burnt to death by priests of Rome; then canonized as a saint.

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THE REFORMATION.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: Rise of Napoleon Bonaparte, and reorganization of both Church and State.

In the preparation of this work, the author exhausted all the known sources of information, and no work on the subject has superseded his. It is standard, and will remain so.

Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

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Published Monthly by THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

The Call of the Cab.

BY THOMAS REMSON CRAWFORD

I'm a "super-annuated"; "out of date" is how I'm rated;
I'm a "has-been" who has seen a better day;
So you've put me "on the siding," younger chaps must do the riding,
Stronger hands must drive the engine, so you say.

Forty years I wore the jacket, forty years I stood the racket,
And I've nearly reached my third allotted score;
But to hear the whistle screaming makes a fellow's soul go dreaming,
And I feel I'm good, at least, for twenty more.

As you put me on "retired," I recall the days I fired
When the locomotive's food was seasoned wood;
And, with all the hardships in it, I would gladly go this minute
Back again to start all over if I could.

I am not the man for shirking; I was born and bred for working;
And this resting, simply resting till I die,
Is a task that makes me weary; life was never yet so dreary;
I no longer look for joy beneath the sky.

I am yearning, oh, I'm yearning just to hear the pump a churning,
Just to listen to the crying of the bell;
For they fill my heart with gladness, with a gladness kin to madness,
And I tremble with delight beneath the spell.

Take me back—just one more showing, let me get the drivers going;
I am strong and hard and willing—have no fear.
I would rather be a slave, sir; rather die and take my grave, sir,
Than be called an antiquated engineer!

—Munsey's "Railroad Man' Magazine for August, 1916.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIII OCTOBER, 1916 No. 6

The Three Irish Cardinals Throw Down the Gauntlet of Romanism to Americanism

WHEN twenty thousand young Irishmen, Italians, Germans, and Americans take a solemn vow never to marry, people of common sense can see what a menace such a bachelor organization is to morality.

In practical effect, it is the same as though 20,000 young men advertised themselves as libertines.

We know what human nature is: we know that men never have been able to live without women.

The most powerful of all passions is that of sexuality. It always was, is now, and ever will be.

The Creator made it so, to guarantee the perpetuation of the human race. The history of the world has been immensely influenced by the mere carnal appetites of man for woman, and woman for man.

The ten-year Trojan War was nothing but a high example of the thing that tigers fight about.

The lust for the female is as deeply planted in masculine natures, as hunger, thirst, and self approbation.

When the breeder of horses, cows, or other animals desires sexual indifference, a surgical operation is performed.

Almost every day of our lives, we see intelligent men—young and old—do, on a small scale, what Mark Antony did on a large one, throw a world away for a woman.

It maddens the males, drives them to steal, to rob, to forge, to murder. It wrecks happy homes, blights the hopes of young men, and sends to the streets tens of thousands of girls who were reared amid refined surroundings.

Why should you shut your eyes to facts?

Why seal your mind against common knowledge?

In the Orient, there is no brothel for the natives: the harem gives respectability, in Eastern eyes, to the polygamous passions of men. In the Occident, there is no harem, but the assignation house is its degraded substitute.

Why blind ourselves to realities?

Why grope among illusions?

Twenty thousand bachelors stand impudently before the American public, dressed in elaborate feminine regalia, but with bodies swollen with good living, their lips red, their faces florid, their necks bull-like; and those bloated beasts have the infinite effrontery to say that they enjoy all the creature comforts of animal existence, *excepting women!*

Excepting the dog's foot! If Catholic husbands and fathers would but use their *reason*, they would never permit one of those priestly impostors an opportunity to do *what the Catholic layman knows he himself would do*, if he had no wife, and had secret access to a tempting female.

From the very nature of things, these bachelor priests are hypocrites and seducers. Not allowed to marry, they *have to have* a substitute, and you know it. They wouldn't be men, if it were otherwise: being men, it is *not* otherwise.

Now, these hypocrites and libertines held a grand convention in Madison Square Garden, New York, and they arrogate to themselves the right to demand a change in *our marriage laws.*

They have 58,000 of our women under lock and key in the nunneries, into which none but these bachelors can go. They also have unlimited opportunities in the homes of unsuspecting Catholic husbands.

They also have a never-failing resource in the Confessional, Satan's own pit for the down-fall of innocent Catholic girls and matrons, *whose modesty is torn from them by the lascivious questions of the lewd bachelor priest.*

These are the impostors that met in a grand harlequinade, in New York City, and demanded that *they* be allowed to dictate our laws as to *marriage.*

THE IRISH CARDINALS WHO THREATEN OUR LIBERTIES AND INSTITUTIONS WITH 3,000,000 CATHOLIC VOTES

Why didn't the bloated old brute, Cardinal O'Connell, top it off *with a lecture on birth control?*

Possibly, he knows something about it.

3,000,000 CATHOLICS TO VOTE AS A UNIT!

What else did the bachelor debauchees of Rome demand?

They insolently declared that 3,000,000 Catholic votes would be united, to vote for restrictions of free speech, and free press, for religious teaching in the public schools, for control of our for-

eign relations, and for the elevation of the Italian Pope to be "Arbiter of Peace and War."

How often have we been assured by suave priests and Romanist editors that the Pope's church never meddled with politics? The smooth old lie served its day in court, lulled millions of stupid Protestants into a false security, caused Protestant preachers to scowl upon anti-papal agitators, fooled thousands of honest Protestant editors, and made the work of patriotic eye-openers doubly hard.

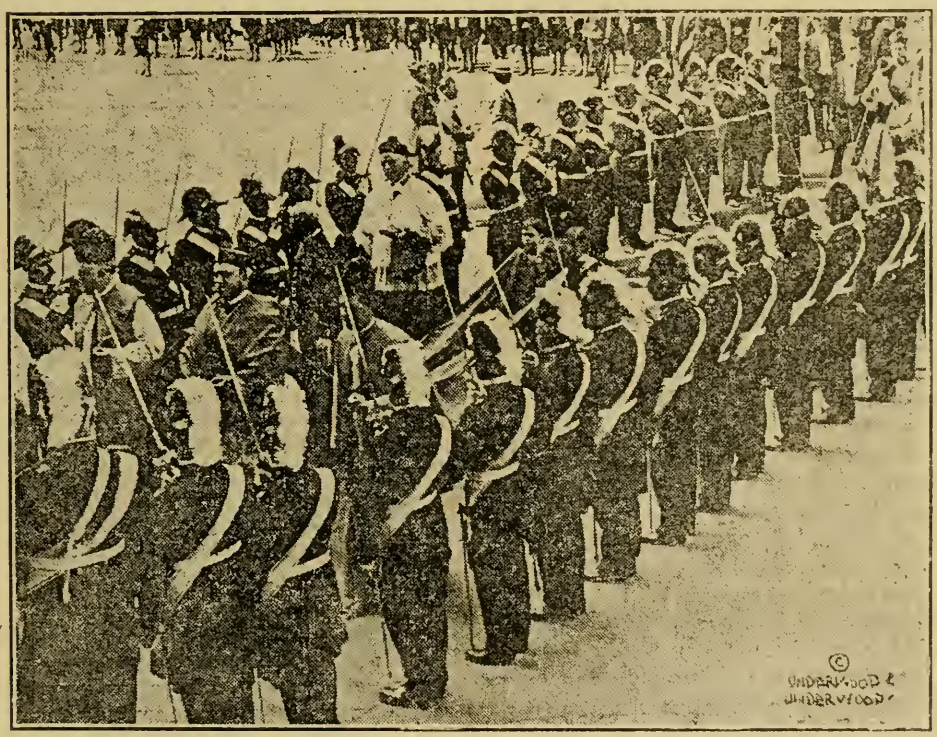
Now that Rome feels securely intrenched, the haughty Irish cardinals cynically drop the mask, and *boast* that the Roman church *is* in politics, *three million votes strong.*

Thank the Lord! We can now take the Roman boast, and arouse sleepy Protestants with it. Possibly, the Cardinals, who are sworn subjects of a foreign potentate, will discover that the mask was dropped too soon.

HERE ARE SWORDS, GUNS, AND PAPAL FLAGS!

Do the secret military orders of the Pope have military drill, uniforms, swords, and guns?

For years, they have lied about it, pretending they had none. In New York, the swords were conspicuously bared and held aloft; the guns were burnished and defiantly displayed; the uniform and military drill were brilliantly in evidence, and the Pope's hateful foreign flag flew *above* the Stars and Stripes.



WHAT CHRISTIAN USE HAS AN AMERICAN CHURCH FOR THESE SWORDS?

What is the meaning of these secret military organizations of the Italian Pope? Why have they been so *recently* organized?

In the words of Archbishop Blenk—Sept. 10, 1911:

"We have well-ordered organizations, all at the beck and nod of the hierarchy and ready to do what the Catholic authorities tell them to do. With these bodies of loyal Catholics ready to step into

the breach at any time and present an unbroken front to the enemy we may feel secure."

Who are "the enemy?"

If that insolent threat is not aimed at American Protestants, at whom it is aimed?

No other church has oath-bound secret societies, and oath-bound military organizations, ready at the beck and nod of the clergy to fight "the enemy."

These secret societies have enrolled 300,000 troops, armed drilled, *and sworn to the service of a foreign master.*

Thus the Pope has a standing army in this Republic, outnumbering the army of the Government.

No other country on earth is so hampered and endangered, *by* a foreign empire, situated in the midst of the home empire.

Since the laws of the foreign empire are in deadly antagonism to those of our Republic, and since 3,000,000 Catholic voters are ordered to so use their ballots as to bring our Republic into conformity and subjection to the Papal monarchy, what will be the inevitable result of the collision between these opposing forces?

Not more menacing to our future than the 4th degree Knights of Columbus, and the German Centrale Verein, is the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Concerning this criminal society we read a current newspaper item of Aug. 12, 1916:

FATHER M'DERMOTT CALLS A. O. H. WOLVES.

Priest Who Resigned From St. Mary's Church Gives Out Letter Sent to Archbishop—Calls O'Dea Stultifier.

"The romancing of Mr. O'Dea about valorous deeds and heroic virtues of the A. O. H. is so extravagant that the short and ugly word is not needed to prevent an intelligent person from giving it credence," said the Rev. Daniel I. McDermott today.

"Mr. O'Dea stultifies himself by admitting the crimes of the coal region, by absolving the Order from any participation in them and then claiming credit for the A. O. H.'s denunciation of the criminals and its disowning the offending divisions. He stultified himself by admitting the enormity of the crimes and then heaping unmerited abuse upon those who brought the criminals to justice.

"Had it not been for Franklin B. Gowen's efforts against the A. O. H., all Irish Catholics would have been forced to join the A. O. H. in self-protection.. How vain this expectation was, was evidenced by the murder of many who joined the order in the hope of escaping its vengeance.

Suggests "Rogues'" March.

"It would be far more commendable in Pottsvillians if the money expended in decorating for the A. O. H. convention were spent in hiring a band that would escort the A. O. H. procession out of town to the tune of the 'Rogues' March.'

"If my expose is published Monday next, it will make **the ghosts of its victims** walk with the A. O. H. procession through the 'Court of Honor;' it will furnish a preacher for the Solemn High Mass in the ghost of **the youth summoned from Camden to commit murder in Carbon County** and who proclaimed from the scaffold that he would not be condemned to suffer that disgraceful death if he had listened to the counsel and warning of his Bishop and priests **to forsake the order.**

"This youth's honest old father dropped dead when he heard of his son's arrest, and when I consigned this youth's body to the grave, not fifty feet from the altar where the Mass of honor of the A. O. H. is scheduled to be celebrated, his pious old mother in a deadly swoon fell into my arms.

"What reasons did I give for resigning? My two letters were in substance this:

" 'Most Rev. Dear Sir:—Please accept my resignation of St. Mary's parish at once. I can no longer remain silent. I must sound an alarm when the wolves are about to attack Christ's flock in the coal region. The A. O. H. will seek entrance in the fold disguised as sheep. They are furnished the clothing of sheep by the toleration, approval, blessing and Mass honors extended to them by such prelates as yourself, mistakenly. In all this I am doing the work of God, while **those who tolerate, approve and bless the A. O. H. are doing the work of the Devil,** unwittingly, it is hoped.

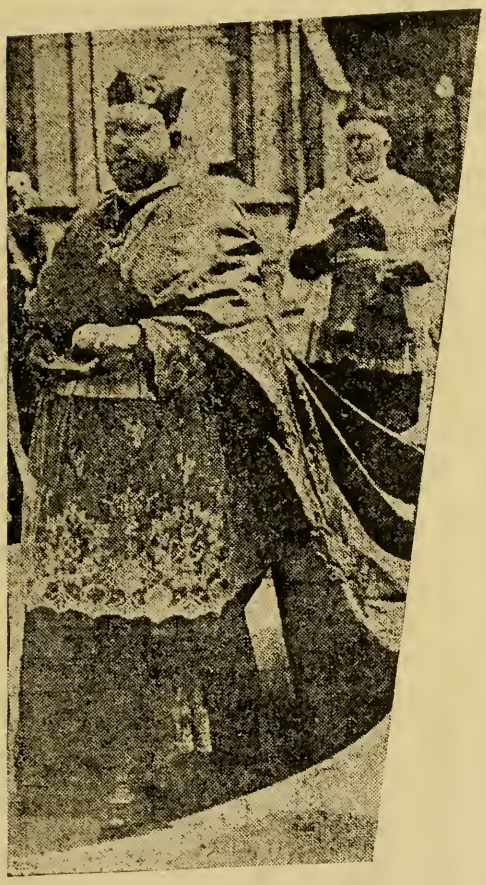
" 'Your threat of penalties that will mar my future has no terrors for me. I deserve in this battle support, not punishment. You must very well know that **if you assassinated me in order to prevent an exposure of the A. O. H.** your crime would not recoil with more violence upon your head than would your suspension of me **to protect the A. O. H.**

" 'Very truly yours in Christ,

" 'D. I. M'DERMOTT.' "

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IS WRONG, SAYS ROME!

Cardinal O'Connell inveighs against the freedom of speech. In terms that he wouldn't have dared to use ten years ago, he denounces free speech in his paper and in his violent harangues. Why has he grown so bold? What is it that causes him now *to proclaim the papal law* against free brains and free tongues?



THE ARROGANT BLOAT, CARDINAL O'CONNELL

I am glad that he has done so. If anything will stir our slumbering Protestants, this will.

O'Connell has done no more than the law of Rome bids him do: no more than Popes have repeatedly done; but, so far as I know, this bloated Irishman is the first man in America to publish editorials, denying men's rights to freedom of speech.

In his Boston *Pilot*, this "Prince of the Holy Roman Empire" expresses the law of popery as follows:

"When you hear a man *prating* about the inalienable right to free speech, *look out for him!*

As soon as he appears, gather your wife and children, and send them into the house, and then bar the door against the liberty-loving gentleman. He means no good to you and your family."

Thus, at one fell blow, Popery floors John Milton, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice John Marshall, and virtually every liberal thinker and statesman of modern times—to say nothing of American constitutions!

Cardinal O'Connell's editorial continued: "We live in a day when all rebellion against laws is shielding itself under the aegis of free speech.

No man can justly claim that he has a right to free speech."

Thus Rome's law is arrogantly set up against the Constitution of the United States.

If they can gradually bring American Catholics to Rome's way of thinking, good-bye to free speech in America.

Every Romanist publication is striving to educate the subscribers *out of Americanism, INTO ROMANISM.*

The purpose is, to substitute the one for the other. The foreign system is to take the place of the American; and the foreigner is being moved over, to help the priests accomplish their treasonous purpose.

THE POPE'S AMBASSADOR SUGGESTS A CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS!

In the New York Times Magazine, of September 2, 1916, John Bonzano, papal ambassador, occupies nearly two full pages, partly with a picture of himself—clad in gaudy feminine raiment—and partly with a eulogy on the Pope's censorship of literature. It is a sickening evidence of Roman Catholic aggressiveness that this Italian priest, *whom our Government has no legal*

right to receive, should boldly use a Democratic periodical for the laudation of the infamous *Index Expurgatorius.*

It is another entering wedge, another initiative to change American ideas and ideals, another insidious beginning aimed at the subversion of Americanism.

How did it happen that our Government began to receive ambassadors from a foreign church? The Democratic *Times* says that the vicious and unconstitutional practice began under Presidents McKinley and Cleveland:

The Delegation to the United States was established by Leo XIII. on Jan. 24, 1893. The first Delegate was Monsignor, and afterward Cardinal, Satolli, who had represented the Holy See in the United States at the World's Fair in Chicago as Papal Commissioner. He was succeeded in 1896 by Monsignor, now Cardinal, Martinelli, an Augustinian. The immediate predecessor of the Most Rev. John Bonzano was Mgr. Diomede Falconia, who was promoted to the Cardinalate in 1912.

Bonzano uses the war-censorship, *which suppresses truth and promulgates lies for effect*, as an argument in favor of a Papal censorship of literature, that censorship having been instituted by The Monster, Pope Alexander VI. for the suppression of truth and the promulgation of lies.

"People exclaim against the Index," said his Excellency, "and yet since August, 1914, all the nations of the world have been applying the principle of the Index. Their censorship extends not only to printed books, but even to letters. I cannot be the first one to read a letter from my old mother in Italy; it must be opened and carefully scanned by Government officials. The various Governments fear that books, magazines, and letters may contain something that will harm their interests; therefore they have established the censorship.

"Now, the Church is an organization that is constantly waging war. The Church is more keenly interested in putting obstacles in the way of things that harm the soul than the nation is in putting obstacles in the way of things that harm the body. In times of war the nations establish censorship; since the Church is always at war, her censorship is perpetual. It is due to her motherly desire to keep her sons from being harmed, just as the nation establishes a censorship actually in the interests of its citizens.

"So you see that the time has gone by when any nation can criticise the Church for its Index Expurgatorius. All the nations are following the Church's example in establishing censorships. And their censorships go further than that of the Church; the Church makes a moral prohibition, but the nations make it an official matter, a physical matter; they put into prison those citizens who violate the law regarding the censorship.

"There certainly is nothing about the Index," said his Excellency, "to support the absurd contention that the Church is opposed to modern literature. The Church is opposed to unclean literature. But the Church today, as in the ages past, fosters literature. as she fosters all the arts."

Just as the Roman clergy, taken as a whole, are the most consummate artists in the corruption of women, so they are, without any exception, the most finished and industrious liars the world ever knew.

"The Church is opposed to unclean literature," and not only publishes, but teaches, the hideously obscene theology of Dr. Peter Dens and St. Alphonsus Liguori.

"The Church is opposed to unclean literature," and venomously boycotts, slanders, and prosecutes all Protestants who reveal the buzzard-like nastiness of the questions put to Catholic women, by red-gilled bachelor priests.

"The Church is opposed to unclean literature," and never in all her criminal existence lifted her hand against any lewd literature, excepting that which uncovered her own abominations.

Boccaccio's lascivious stories were written almost in sight of the Vatican, and the amorous priesthood hailed them with delight. It was a priest who wrote "Manon Lescaut," and the Church found no fault.

The unspeakably lustful tales of Masuccio excited no papal murmurs.

But when the immortal Catholic, Dante, published a treatise outlining a government different from papal ideals, down went his book on the *Index!* When Joseph Addison described papal Italy as he saw it—wealth in the churches, profligacy among the clergy, and squalid ignorance among the Catholic common people, down went Addi-

son's book upon the *Index*. When Charles Dickens, in the time of Pope Pius IX., painted virtually the same conditions which Addison had found, 200 years before, down went Dickens on the *Index;* and it was made a capitol felony to circulate his books in Italy and Austria.

Was Joseph Addison, the British classic, filthy, unclean, obscene?

Yes, *because* he told the truth on the most damnable imposture that ever cursed the human race. Charles Dickens was unclean, because he expressed his profound contempt for a church that can rob its laity of so much wealth, and leave that laity in poverty and illiteracy.

The French, before their Revolution of 1789; the Italians, before their overthrow of Papal government in 1870; and the South Americans, before they ceased to be abject slaves to the Roman church, were in substantially the same condition that the Mexicans are now, after 400 years of papal degradation.

On the *Index*, I find the illustrious name of Galileo. Was he unclean?

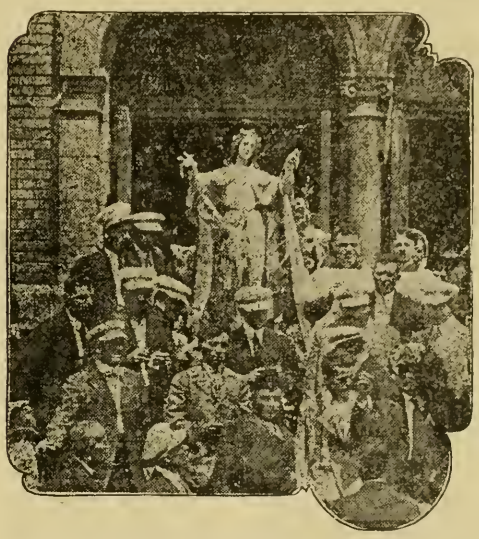
Yes, because he had announced a planetary movement different from that of the besotted monks, although perfectly true. The church, "which has always encouraged literature, art, and science," damned Galileo's book, and devilishly tortured its author.

On the *Index* I find the names of John Milton and his "Paradise Lost." Was Milton unclean? Of course. He had bewailed the martyrdom of the Waldensians in a noble sonnet, and he had written a most powerful treatise in favor of unlicensed printing. Consequently, he was lewd, lascivious, unclean.

I find on the *Index* the name of Copernicus, the most wonderful astromoner of modern times, whose immortal name is borne by our Copernican system. Was he unclean? Certainly. His theory of the heavenly bodies antagonized that of the church, and down he went on the *Index*. To save his life from this Church which always encourages literature, science, and art, Copernicus fled into Holland, and died with his arms hugged around the first copy of his book.

It would be easy for me, but perhaps tiresome to you, to fill a dozen pages with similar cases where the infernal *Index* was used to suppress truth, disseminate falsehoods, and keep the human mind in papal chains. That's precisely what the *Index* was meant to do; and that is why such wilful liars as Bonzano are trying at this late day to give it a good name.

They want to enforce it against our free press, and thus prevent Catholic immigrants, as well as Catholic natives, from *investigating for themselves*.



CARRYING POPISH IDOLS THROUGH THE STREETS, CLEVELAND, OHIO

In order that you may be enabled to judge for yourself the veracity of *Bonzano's* description of the *Index Expurgatorius*, I will lay before you *the Pope's;* and you can say which of the two was telling the truth.

Leo XIII. devoted one of his "Great Encyclical Letters" to this very subject, the date being Jan. 25, 1897. It begins on page 407 and occupies the 14 pages following. On page 411, the Pope carefully enumerates the classifications of the literature which Catholics are forbidden to read.

The first chapter prohibits the books of "Apostates, Heretics, Schismatics,

and all other writers whatever defending heresy or Schism, and all other writings which contain anything "contrary to the Catholic faith."

Chapter II. prohibits "the ancient Catholic versions of Holy Scripture, if published by non-Catholics" to all, excepting students who are under the priests. These "ancient Catholic versions" are printed in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and therefore not intelligible to the average reader.

Chapter III. positively forbids the Catholics to read the Bible, even those published by Catholics, if the version is "in the vernacular." That is, if the text is *English*, those who can read books in that language *must not read the Bible*, unless the notes approved by the Pope accompany the text.

Catholics are not permitted to take "God's word," without papal explanations.

For example, where "God's word" assures us that Christ had sisters and brothers, the Pope tells us they were *not* sisters and brothers, but cousins! Where "God's word" asserts that Joseph did not have carnal knowledge of his wife until after the birth of Christ, her first born, the Pope tells us, in a marginal note, that Joseph never did have carnal knowledge of Mary, at all, and that Christ was not only the first born, but the only child.

Thus does the Pope substitute *his* word for God's, all through the Book.

All Bibles published by non-Catholic and Bible Societies, are strictly prohibited.

Chapter IV. outlaws classic literature "if disfigured with some stain of indecency." Therefore, Catholics cannot lawfully read Homer, Virgil, Anacreon, Juvenal, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Suetonius, etc.

Chapter V. condemns all books on "*new* apparitions, visions, miracles, and prophecies," unless sanctioned by the Roman ecclesiastics.

This chapter likewise prohibits the reading of literature favorable to divorce, *Freemasonry*, and other societies of like kind.

Books which defend those errors that have been denounced by the Popes, are strictly forbidden; and since those "errors" include freedom of conscience, of worship, of speech, and of press, all such literature is closed to Catholics.

The Popes have condemned the separation of Church and State; the secular education of children; the subordination of the church and her ecclesiastics of civil powers; the denial of the Roman church's right to use force against heretics; the rejection of the Pope's claim to universal authority: in fact, the "Apostolic See" has condemned every principle of civil and religious liberty, every assertion of Man's inherent right to freedom, equality before the law, and self-government: therefore, the *Index* shuts off the Catholic from the whole glorious literature of ancient democracy and modern liberalism.

If the Catholic obeys his church in the matter of reading, he condemns himself to a narrow priest-ridden range of books whose main purposes are to deceive him about the past, lull him into submission in the present, and fill him with childishly superstitious ideas about his future.

Let the priest have the child for several years, and then keep it from reading anything that will arouse it to investigation and independent thinking—and you have an ideal Catholic citizen, ignorant of essentials and unaware of the immensity of that lack of knowledge.

THE ITALIAN POPE AS ARBITER OF PEACE AND WAR.

The Papal ambassador and the three Irish cardinals demand that our Government exert its influence to have Europe accept the Italian pope as Arbiter of peace and war. They say that universal concord and international amity will prevail, if Rome be restored to her medieval power of *dictation*.

When was the Papacy ever a peacemaker? When did it ever carry the olive branch, and not the dripping sword?

By ruthless bloodshed, the Papacy

was forced upon Italy, Spain, Germany, Ireland, England, Portugal, France, Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia.

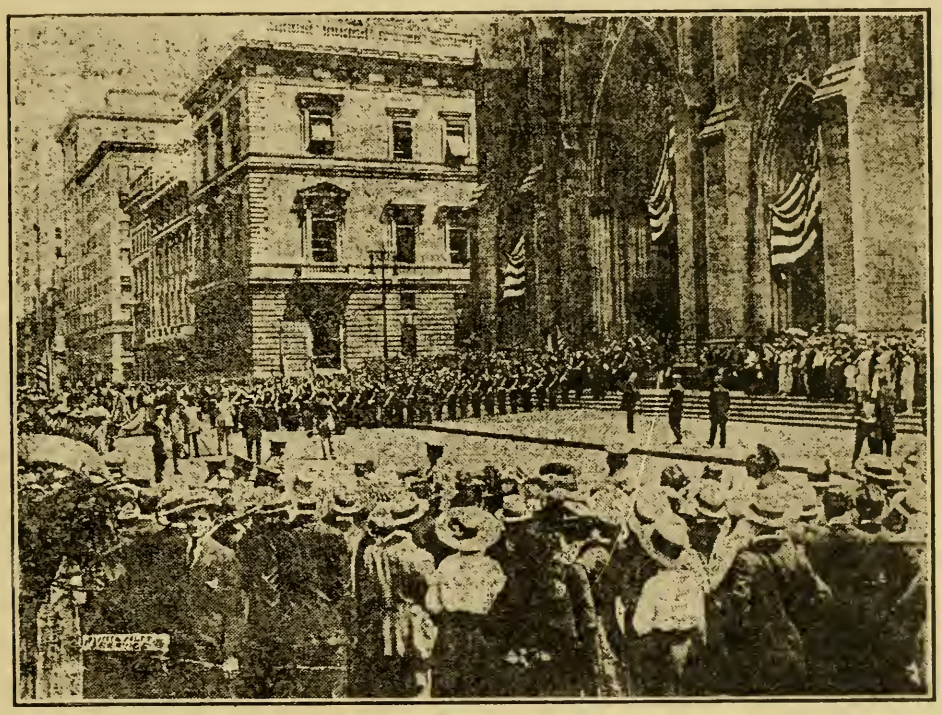
The Popes instigated the longest and most dreadful wars Christendom has ever known; and those wars had no loftier motive than the aggrandizement of the Papal monarchy.

Twenty-six invasions of Italy by foreign armies, were the direct result of papal intrigues.

How could it be otherwise, when the Canon law of the Papacy commands the extermination of heretics, and the extirpation of heresy?

By the very law of its being, the Roman Catholic hierarchy is a vast organization DEVOTED TO CRIME.

Rather than permit free speech, kill the speaker. Rather than allow freedom of the press, boycott, raise riots, make murderous threats, and, if need be, follow these up with assassination.



GUNS OF THE GERMAN CENTRAL VEREIN AND THE 4th DEGREE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

These wars were not against Mohammedans, Jews, or Moors: they were the terrible wars in which Catholic slaughtered Catholic.

Did the Popes stop the Hundred Years War? No. The War of the Roses? No. The 80 year war against Holland? No. The Thirty Years' War in Germany? No. The hideous civil strife of Guelph and Ghibbeline? No.

Always an incendiary, and never a harmonizer, Rome used all these wars to gain temporal power and wealth for the hierarchy.

If Dr. Jose Rizal exposes Roman rottenness in the Philippine Islands, *shoot him!* If Prof. Ferrer refuses to close his modern schools in Spain, *shoot him!* If Mayor Gaynor threatens to uncover the putrid conditions of Catholic institutions in New York, *shoot him!* If President Madero proposes to break the awful yoke of Papal tyranny and corruption in Mexico, *SHOOT HIM!*

That's the inner heart of the Roman system. On the outer surface, old women—and women not old—dawdle around among their idols, kneeling to "St. Rita," and St. Joseph, and Our

Lady, and St. Anthony: devout imbeciles! they imagine they eat Christ at the altar-rail, and it never enters their weak heads that cannibalism has no place in Christianity.

More besotted than the woolly headed savage who makes his god out of stones and sticks and feathers, those feeble-minded females believe—or pretend to—that a bloated priest can manufacture *his* God out of a wafer and a glass of wine.

On this outer surface, the Roman church is just like other churches, in that it exhibits its pride in magnificent buildings, fine music, ornamented altars, street parades, and elaborate ceremonial. But this is the crust, merely. This is the embellished front-door. The laity can see this much, but no more: the laity can come to the door, but may not enter.

On the inside, are the initiated, the manipulators of secret wires and pulleys, the concealed mechanism which moves Rome's stupendous machine. There are the secret societies, all reeking with crime, and none of them knowing the secrets of another. There are the skeletons in the closets, the dead men's bones hidden in the walls and vaults. There is the Curia, the secret papal cabinet, always scheming, intriguing, working for the temporal power of the priesthood.

Christ is nothing more than a name to conjure with: "God" is a threat to awe men into obedience: the hierarchy, entirely devoid of faith themselves, use the supernatural to control the natural—employ the name of an invisible God to subjugate the minds of visible men.

Sworn to allegiance to a potentate who claims universal dominion, and sworn to obey a Code of laws which makes them the implacable foes of modern ideals and aspirations, this Roman Catholic hierarchy is, today, the most fearfully dangerous, immoral, and criminal organization on the face of the earth.

Indeed, it is not one organization: it is an interlocked group of organizations, not needed by religion, and not to be explained upon any other hypothesis than that they aim at re-establishing the frightful despotism which—in the name of God—destroyed European libraries, closed secular schools, cowed literature into silence, made the bravest men afraid to freely speak, and thus cursed mankind for a thousand years with the Dark Ages.

ROMAN PRELATES DEFYING THE LAW!

The necessity for State inspection of papal monastic institutions was demonstrated shortly after the nunnery was established as an offset to celibacy.

"*Deny marriage to the priest, but give him secret access to a helpless young woman who cannot resist, and cannot tell!*"

That's the true reason of the cloistered convent, into which emotional young women are lured, and held in bondage for life.

They never know what the inner vices of the convents are, until it is too late for them to either combat the system, or to expose it. If by some rare luck, the nun escapes, Rome's ravenous pack at once gets upon her track, and she is hounded, vilified, imprisoned, and even murdered.

When a horrified priest breaks loose, he suffers the same fate. No matter how pure his character and his purposes, he is savagely assailed and painted blacker than Beelzebub.

But if the State does its duty by its citizens, and inspects any of the institutions of the church, the priests roar with unrestrained fury, and cry out that "God" is being persecuted by His enemies.

WHAT ARE THE AIMS OF THIS FOREIGN AND PAGAN CHURCH?

Those Roman prelates assembled in New York, loudly declared that they wanted nothing more in Mexico and in the United States than equality before the law and the liberty to worship God after their own fashion.

Is that all they want?

Let us see if it is. Let us judge of what Rome intends to do with her "united 3,000,000 votes," by examining a few of her official teachings.

ROME'S ARROGANT PRETENSIONS.

"Every merely human law, though it may be ancient in the church, and even of apostolic origin, may be swept away by him [the pope] who at the present day wields an authority equal if not superior to that of the apostle or other man by whom the law was enacted."—**Outlines of Dogmatic Theology**, by the Jesuit Sylvester Joseph Hunter, published in 1898, bearing the **imprimatur** of the late Cardinal Vaughan, page 398.

ROME CLAIMS SOVEREIGN POWER OVER ALL AFFAIRS OF LIFE.

"The temporal power must act unconditionally in accordance with the orders of the spiritual."

"The church is empowered to grant, or to take away and temporal possessions."

"The pope has the right to give countries and nations which are non-Catholic to Catholic regents, who can reduce them to slavery."

"The pope can make slaves of those Christian subjects whose prince or ruling power is interdicted by the pope."

"The pope has the right to annul State laws, treaties, constitutions, etc.; and to absolve from obedience thereto: as soon as they seem detrimental to the rights of the church, or those of the clergy."

"The pope possesses the right of admonishing—and, if need be, of punishing—the temporal rulers, emperors, and kings; as well as of drawing them before the spiritual forum, in any case in which a mortal sin occurs."

"The pope has the right to absolve from oath and obedience to the persons and the laws of the princes whom he excommunicates."

"The pope can annual all legal relations of those **in ban**, especially their marriages."

"The pope can release from every obligation, oath, vow, either before or after being made."

"The State has no right to deny the church the use of force, or to deny to her the possession of either a direct or an indirect power."

"It has not the right to exclude either the pontiff or clergy from all dominion over temporal affairs."

"It has not the right of asserting the supremacy of its own laws, when they come into conflict with ecclesiastical law."

"It has not the right to the entire direction of public schools."

"It has not the right to sanction divorce in any case."

"It has not the right to uphold any marriage solemnized otherwise than according to the form prescribed by the Council of Trent, even if solemnized according to a form sanctioned by the civil law."—**The Power of the Roman Popes over Princes, Countries, Nations and Individuals**, by Professor G. F. Von Schulte.

A REMARKABLE LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP BONZANO.

Writing under date of June 10, 1912, to Archbishop Bonzano, of Washington, the papal delegate, Mr. Thomas J. Carey, of Palestine, Tex., asked this question: "Must

THE *VERY* REV. ANTHONY SCHEIDELER, ONE OF THE POPE'S VIRGINS

I as a Catholic surrender my political freedom to the church? . . . By this I mean the right to vote for the Democratic, Socialist, or Republican party when and where I please."

(The Answer.)

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
United States of America
No. 11'630-d.
4811 Biltmore Street,
Washington, D. C.
June 16th, 1912.

Dear Sir:

In your letter to me dated June 10th, you say that the religious future of yourself, your wife and children are the most serious and important things of all. Now you must remember that if the Catholic church condemns doctrines that are pernicious to the good of the Faithful, she does it only in order to defend and protect the religion of her children. Hence you should submit to the decisions of the church, **even at the cost of sacrificing political principles.**

For your guidance, I may mention to you the fact that Socialism, besides being a political party; is also an anti-Christian sect. In order to con-

vince yourself of this you have only to read what Socialism teaches regarding religion. With best regards, I am

Yours sincerely in Xto.
JOHN BONZANO,
Archbishop of Melitene,
Apostolic Delegate.

Mr. Thos. J. Carey,
230 Cottage Ave., Palestine, Tex.

You have read of the Oath of Supremacy which the monarchs of Great Britain exacted from Roman Catholics after the historic revolt of Henry VIII. against the Pope. You are familiar with the fact that many Catholics, including Sir Thomas More, the ex-Chancellor, suffered death for treason, rather than subscribe to this vow of temporal allegiance.

As we are now hearing so many hypocritical priests loudly proclaim their undivided loyalty to our anti-papal laws, institutions, and form of government, it may be well to reprint the English Oath of Supremacy, which so many Catholics refused to take when the Protestant rulers of England required it as *proof* of undivided allegiance:

THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.

I, A. B. do utterly testify and declare in my Conscience, that the Queen's Highness is the only Supreme Governour of this Realm, and of all other her Highnes's Dominions and Countries, as well in all Spiritual and Ecclesiastical Things and Causes as Temporal; and that no Foreign Prince, Person, Prelate, State, or Potentate hath or ought to have any Jurisdiction, Power, Superiority, Preheminence or Authority Ecclesiastical or Spiritual within this Realm; And therefore I do utterly renounce and forsake all Foreign Jurisdictions, Powers, Superiorities, and Authorities, and do promise that from henceforth I shall bear Faith and true Allegiance to the Queen's Highness, her Heirs and Lawful Successors; and to my Power shall Assist and Dened all Jurisdictions, Priviledges, Preheminencies and Authorities, Granted or belonging to the Queen's Highness, her Heirs and Successors, or united and annexed to the Imperial Crown of this Realm. So help me God, and by the Contents of this Book.

The English writer, commenting on the above, says:

It cannot but be obvious to every Impartial pursuer of the Statute, especially if he have the least knowledge of what Condition the Government of this Nation was reduced to by Papal Encroachments and Usurpations. That the Makers of this Law, and the Sence of this Oath, was no other in general, than that the People of this Realm should **bear Faith and true Allegiance**, even in Matters relating to Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, to the Queen's Highness, her Heirs and Lawful Successors, and not to the Pope or any foreign pretended Jurisdiction.

The Makers of this Law did not design to impose upon the people of **England** any new Terms of Allegiance, but to secure the old ones, Exclusive of any Pretences of the Pope or See of **Rome**.

Nor are there any words in this **Oath** more strong, more binding to Duty and Allegiance, than are words which the old **Oath of Fealty** is conceived in; which all men were anciently obliged, and may yet be required to take to the **King** in the Court-Leet at twelve years of age.

NO INSPECTION NECESSARY?

Does Christianity need Bastilles, impenetrable save to bachelor priests, and burying women alive? Can any set of unmarried men be safely trusted with unlimited power and opportunity in regard to unmarried women?

Rev. Blanco White, once a Roman Catholic, whom Dr. Newman describes "as year after year **holding the Lord in his hands**, dispensing **Him** to his people," and of whom he says: "I have the fullest confidence in his word, when he witnesses to facts, and facts which he knew:" "who had special means of knowing a Catholic country, and a man you can trust."

Mr. White's testimony was published in 1826 in three octavo volumes. "I cannot," says he, "find tints sufficiently dark to portray the miseries which I have witnessed in the convents. Crime, in spite of the spiked walls and prison grates, is there. The gates of the holy prison are for ever closed upon the inhabitants; force and shame await them wherever they might fly; the short vows of their profession, like a potent charm, bind them to one spot of earth, and fix their **dwelling upon their grave**. The great poet who boasted that "slaves cannot live in England" forgot that superstition may baffle the most sacred laws of freedom. Slaves **do live** in England, and multiply daily by the same arts which fill the convents abroad. In vain does the law of the land stretch a friendly hand to the victim; she may be dying to break her fetters; the mark of slavery is burnt by the Church into her soul, without the **possibility** of repenting of vows made

for a whole life, of which she has seen but the dawn!

"I saw," says Blanco White, "my own sister enter one of the gloomiest convents of Seville, where the nuns were obliged to sleep on a few planks raised about a foot from the ground, where the use of linen was forbidden near the body. The nuns wore coarse open sandals, through which the bare foot was exposed to the wet and cold; where the nearest relations were not allowed to see the face of the recluse, nor have any communication, except on certain days, when in the presence of another nun, and with a thick curtain close behind the double railing which separates the inmates of the convent, the parent, brother, or sister, exchanged a few unmeaning words with the dear one, whom they had lost forever. I choke now with feelings of indignation as I recall the picture of Father ——— sitting near my sister, where, in the presence of my mother, I was betrayed into a burst of indignation which darkened the priest's brow, and convinced me he was thinking of the Inquisition. I saw this sister once more; she was on her death-bed. In my capacity of priest I heard her last confession. When shall I forget the mortal agony, with which not to disturb her dying moments, I suppressed my gushing tears, until with faltering steps I left the convent, making the solitary street where it stood, reecho the sobs I could no longer contain.

"Another sister was left to me, but at the age of twenty she, too, misled by Catholic impressions, left her infirm mother in the care of servants and strangers, and was shut up in a convent, where she was not allowed to see the nearest relative. With a delicate frame, requiring every comfort, she embraced a rule, which denied her those of the lowest class in life. A coarse woolen frock fretted her skin, her feet had no covering that they might be exposed to a brick floor, a plank her bed, and an unfurnished cell her dwelling. I have often endured the torture of witnessing her agony at the confessional I left her when I quitted Spain, dying much too slowly for her own relief. I wept bitterly for her loss two years later, yet I could not be so cruel as to wish her alive."

Of all the victims of the church of Rome, the nuns deserve the greatest sympathy. The real nunnery is a byeword for **weakness of intellect**, and the **nun**, the superlative of **old woman**. I have seen the human mind in all stages of debasement, but souls more polluted than some of those professed vestals of the Church of Rome, have never come under my observation.

"The undisguised disclosure of many victims in confession assures me, that the policy of Rome reckons on the alarming feelings of delicacy, as a security against the publication of facts, which would raise a formidable cry of indignation in countries not completely under the authority of the pope, and I feel bound to bear witness to these terrible results, to which the Roman Catholic Church is utterly indifferent."

We make no comment on the above evidence, from the pen of a witness, who appears with a certificate of character from Rev. John Newman, D. D.! Every sensible mind will apply it to the convents of his own country.

ROME'S CRIMINAL SECRET SOCIETIES.

What will be the natural fruits of those Romanist secret societies, armed, drilled, and sworn to murder?

If the oaths mean nothing, why are they prescribed, and why do Catholics swear to obey them?

In the book whose title is "Pope, or President" I find the following, which is in substance the same as the Jesuit oath, the Sinn Fein, the Ancient Order Hibernians, the 4th Degree Knights of Columbus, and the Clan-na-Gael: the oath given below being that of the Italian papal secret order called the San Fidesti:

"I, N. N., in presence of Almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, of the ever immaculate Virgin Mary, and of all the celestial court, etc.; of you, honored father, swear, that I will sooner cut off my right hand, and die of hunger, or under the greatest torments; and I pray the Lord God Almighty to condemn me to the endless pains of hell, than to betray or deceive one of the honored fathers and brethren of the Catholic Apostolical Society to which I subscribed at this time, or if I do not scrupulously fulfill its laws, or give assistance to my brethren in want. I swear to defend myself in the cause which I have embraced, never to spare a single individual belonging to the infamous combination of the Liberals, **whatever may be his birth, parentage, or fortune**, and to have **no pity for the cries of children, nor of old men or women, and to shed the blood of the infamous Liberals, even to the last drop, without regard to age, sex, or rank.** Finally, I swear implacable hatred to all the enemies of our Holy Roman Catholic religion, one and true."

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

ONE of the grewsomest pages in human history, is found in a magnificent work entitled "The Footsteps of Richard Coeur de Lion," issued by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, in 1912. The author—M. M. Holbach—relates, with simple matter-of-factness, the following story:

A party of Germans landed in England, and made their way to Oxford, the seat of university learning and culture. It seems that these foreigners had sought refuge in Britain, hoping to escape the persecution of Roman Catholic priests on the continent. They were plain country-folk, who could not speak a word of English.

They were apparently Waldensians; and, led by their pastor, they met together for prayer and other simple religious exercise. This fact, becoming known, and being coupled with the further fact that they did not go to "confession," and to "mass," soon excited a sensation. Accused of heresy, the poor strangers were cast into prison. They had not given offense to a single soul, and their demeanor had been blameless; but because they were not papists, they were given a treatment of murderous inhumanity which would not have been given to a band of Buddhists, or Confucians, or of Mohammedans. A group of thirty harmless Turks, or Chinamen, could have traversed England, from the Channel to the Irish Sea, without ever being molested on account of religion; but, since these exiles from Germany were *Christians*, they merited death for not being *Roman Catholic* Christians.

The Bishops held a session over these accursed heretics; and, as they denied the power of a priest to make Christ's body and blood out of bread and wine, they were delivered to the "secular arm" to receive the punishment which the "spiritual arm" had dictated to the secular.

King Henry (the Second) caused the miserable strangers to be branded on the chin and forehead, with the red-hot iron, in order that all true and good *Catholic* Christians might recognize these accursed *Waldensian* Christians.

After having been branded in the face, they were stripped and beaten with clubs. Then they were driven from the city, amid curses and under cruel blows. The royal order went forth that no person should open his house to *these* Christians, and that no one should give them consolation.

It was in mid-winter, and the weather was bitter-cold; and these hapless, inoffensive Christians went out, homeless and shelterless, to perish of exposure and starvation, in the midst of plenty, in sight of blazing fire-sides, and within hearing of the voices of the fellow Christians who had condemned them to this frightful death.

The Roman clergy who compelled Henry II. to do such horrible things as this, was the same which forced him to his knees, and to bare his back to monkish stripes, when some of his fiery knights had been provoked beyond endurance, by that most insolent and seditious priest, Archbishop Becket. It was the son of this Henry, who found himself so desperately badgered and enmeshed by Papal intrigue and usur-

pation, *that he resigned his crown into the hands of the Pope's envoy*, and received it back as a Papal endowment, swearing to reign thenceforward as *the vassal* of the Roman Catholic church.

We have already seen how Rome changed dynasties in England, transferring the crown from one family to another, according to the dictates of Papal ambitions, without giving the slightest consideration to the will or the interests of the people: we have seen how Richard III. was thrown down, and Henry VII. raised up: we have seen how the Roman church burnt women, as well as men, under the new dynasty; and we have seen the same Spanish princess, married successively to two brothers, violating the law, but supposedly advancing the power of Rome: we have seen how the marriage of Henry VIII. with his brother's widow was cursed by the early death of all the fruit of it, excepting the rickety Princess Mary; and we have seen the King, in the flush of robust man hood, lose hope in having an heir by his fast-fading Queen, Catherine.

Let us now take up the story of the Divorce, and follow the slow steps which at last brought the Tudors into the revolutionary struggle with *Ecclesiastical Usurpation*, which the Emperors of Germany had striven in vain to resist.

Pardon me for reminding you, that neither Christ nor any of his Apostles claimed temporal power, or civil jurisdiction.

When Cæsar's tax collectors came on their rounds, Christ not only taught the Disciples to pay, but paid himself. Again and again, the Apostles admonished their evangelists to respect and obey civil laws and magistrates. No one was more emphatic in this regard, than Peter. So far from being above the State and its officials, *Paul wrote and taught the doctrine of non-resistance to tyrants*—a doctrine which exactly suited the imperial despotism under which he lived and worked.

After the Emperor Constantine made his political combination with the Christian bishops, he continued to exact obedience from them, as he did from his lay subjects. From the days of Constantine to those of Theodosius, nobody asserted that the church and its prelates were not subject to the State.

Charlemagne, in the memorable Christmas of the year 800, made one of those mistakes which change the destinies of mankind; but the Emperor himself always exacted obedience from the church; and it was he who appointed its officers within his dominions.

For ages, the German emperors named the Pope; and then, in the course of time, weak kings yielded to strong popes, until, at last, the relative position was *reversed*: the Pope's assent became necessary to the King.

Throughout Christendom, the Roman church ruled rulers, issued commands to royality, brought nations to their knees by interdicts and ex-communications; gave thrones, and took them away; and even drew an imaginary line through the New World, bestowing half of it upon Portugal and the other half upon Spain.

Such powerful characters as Philip the Fair, William the Conqueror, and Edward the First might stoutly assert the Civil Power against the Ecclesiastical; but under such weak monarchs as Edward II., Henry VI., or Richard II., the Church was supreme, arrogant, ruthlessly oppressive.

If one royal family developed a spirit of independence, the priests immediately conspired with the ousted *claimants;* and this explains why "*King-makers*" were possible.

The Duke of Warwick changed kings fewer times than did the Pope and his English prelates; and even in the changes made by Warwick, the church played a leading part.

It is necessary to bear all this in mind, as we enter upon the troubles which servered the relations between *Papal* Rome and *Catholic* England.

Another fact is important to the understanding what it was that resulted from the clash over the Divorce: Henry VIII. was and remained a most ardent, bigoted, and intolerant *Catholic*. Papal writers, are loath to concede this; and,

indeed, most of them flatly deny it, pretending that he left the church, and became a heretic.

As it is my aim to make plain the difference between Catholicism and Romanism, and to prove that a Catholic *may* remain true to his religion, at the some undenied instances of the King's *usurpations of the Papacy*, I will cite some undenied instances of the King's Catholic zeal, selecting the period following the fall of Wolsey, and therefore after the raising of the question of the Divorce.

It is well known, that Sir Thomas More became Chancellor, after Wolsey; and he was, if anything, a stricter Catholic than the fallen Cardinal. A citizen named Bilney had been persecuted for heresy under Wolsey, but had been released. Under Sir Thomas More he was again arrested and cited before the Bishop of London.

What was the accusation? It was said that in preaching to the people in the fields, Bilney had charged the priests with giving to their women trinkets, jewels, etc., which had been "offered in pilgrimage." Bilney affirmed that these licentious priests "take away the offerings and hang them about their women's necks; and after that they take them off the women, if they (the women) please them not, and hang them again upon the images."

Did the priests or the women deny it? No. Was any evidence produced to show that Bilney's charge was false? No. The man was a Catholic, and believed in the "mass" and "the keys;" but because he uncovered the vices of the clergy, he was condemned as a heretic and burnt at the stake.

A lawyer named James Bainham married a widow whose first husband had written a daring book called the "*Beggar's Petition*," famous in its day. The mere fact of Bainham's wedding this woman aroused suspicion, and he was haled before the church authorities who presumed to act as an inquisition. Severely examined, he denied the power of the priests to change bread and wine into God.

That was enough! By order of the scholarly Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, his brother lawyer, Bainham, was taken to the Tower, *mercilessly tortured*, and his wife also thrown into a dungeon.

Broken by his fearful sufferings on the iron rack, he collapsed and recanted. But his conscience smote him: he could not rest: he became desperate with grief and shame, so that he recanted his recantation, and boldly reasserted his first statement, that a human creature could not create his Creator out of bread and wine.

What followed, was routine: the Bishop and the Chancellor had Bainham fastened to a stake, and burned to ashes.

Before they did so, however, the wretched man was taken to Sir Thomas More's private mansion, where for two nights he was chained to a post and whipped; after which he was taken back to the Tower and tortured, day by day, for two weeks, in the effort to again compel him to say that a priest can create Christ, whenever he and the wine and bread are ready for it.

Martyr after martyr was burned to death at Smithfield, and the prisons were crowded with those accused of not being Catholics of the strictest persuasion. (1533.)

(See Froude's History of England, Vol. II., Chapter VI.)

The rivalry of Francis I. and Charles V. created a situation of which the King of England might easily have been arbiter. As all three of these young monarchs were ardent Catholics, it was a glorious opportunity for the Pope to exert the beneficent influence of a Prince of Peace. Unfortunately for Henry VIII., he was ruled by an upstart priest, the son of a butcher at Ipswich, known to history as Cardinal Wolsey, and to play-goers as the self-pitying failure who after his merited downfall exclaims—in Shakespeare—"had I but served my God as I served my King, He would not in my old age," etc.

The cold facts of history show that Wolsey served both God and King

with equal fidelity, which is to say that he betrayed each, on every possible occasion.

The young Henry aspired to the umpirage of European factions, but within *his* plans were Wolsey's: and since the Cardinal fervently desired to be Pope, the King's interests were constantly prostituted, secretly, to those of the prelate.

We will begin with the year 1520, and the historic pageant of The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Near Calais, the English set up their brilliant tents, and erect the ready-made wooden palace which the King will use for the entertainment of the Court of France. Henry is accompanied by his Queen, by great lords and ladies, and by Cardinal Wolsey with his train of priests.

Francis I. had given the word to his nobles to spare no expense; and with true Gallic recklessness they had converted ancestral estates into glittering jewels and resplendent apparel. Three hundred tents, covered with cloth of silver and gold marked the French encampment; and over their armor of burnished steel, the Knights of both nations wore festoons of massive gold chains.

The emulation in senseless extravagance was almost frenzied—and altogether childish, for it answered no solid purpose whatever. It was the very thing to spoil the meeting, since rivalries are not consistent with friendships.

The French monarch needed Henry's alliance, and eagerly sought it; but he defeated his own purpose by making a more fascinating figure among the ladies—and by throwing Henry down, in a wretling match, in presence of Countesses, Duchesses, and Queens. Had the crafty Charles been Henry's antagonist in that famous match, the German might have *appeared* to be doing his best, but he would most assuredly have allowed the English monarch to come out on top.

Francis and Henry signed a treaty, and parted on seemingly affectionate terms, but the events which quickly followed proved that Francis was to pay a dear price for outshining Henry among the women, and by tripping him in that wrestle.

Immediately after separating from Francis, the English King went to Gravelines, where he was visited by the young Emperor. The Queen Catherine being Charles' aunt, by blood, and the King, his uncle by marriage, the Emperor could fittingly wear a general aspect of deep attachment and humble deference. Charles V. played his part with consummate histrionic talent; and he succeeded so fully that his irritated uncle was thoroughly pleased by the difference between the obsequious Emperor and the gayly antagonistic Francis.

The astute Charles also stooped to conquer the Cardinal; and he so fluttered the ambitious heart of the butcher's son, that Wolsey saw himself, in the near future, proudly wearing the Papal tiara.

A secret bargain was struck, and the three devout Christians bade one another a touching farewell, two of the three being the worst fooled men in Christendom. The Emperor's sole purpose was to play Henry against Francis, and he did not in the least intend that the English prelate should ever be Pope.

This kind of thing, among the great, is called diplomacy: among gamblers, it is called cheating: success in diplomacy, means wealth and honors for the Talleyrands, the Metternichs, and the Bismarcks: success in cheating at gambling, sometimes means ostracism and incarceration.

The first result of the Emperor's success at Gravelines was that Henry put pressure upon Francis and prevented him from aiding Charles' enemies, when they were about to wrest a huge slice of Navarre from him. Henry halted Francis; and Charles, having gained time, gathered up his forces, and crushed the King of Navarre, winning, *permanently*, the large province known as Spanish Navarre.

What benefit did Henry reap from this intervention, which was the salvation of Charles? None. What benefit did Wolsey reap from his dominating

part in the vital blunder? None. The young German had overreached both master and man.

Pope Leo X. intrigued with Charles and with Francis, piously striving to deceive both. To the French King, the Holy Father promised 400,000 ducats for his discontented unpaid troops: to the Emperor, the Pope promised the crown of Naples. In 1521, Charles V. actually became Leo's *vassal*, for the Neapolitan kingdom, and paid him a large feudal tribute in gold—much needed by this profligate Papa.

Francis, on the contrary, found himself once more a dupe, for the Pope did not pay the promised money; and the unpaid mercenaries of France—whose pay the King's mother had appropriated to her own use—surrendered Milan to the Spaniards.

So rejoiced was Papa Leo over the success of his deception of his son, Francis, that he died from the excess of "celebration." He was pretty well exhausted by debaucheries, anyway; and his Vatican prelates not only neglected to administer the last sacraments, but gave him a shabby funeral.

Did Cardinal Wolsey's heart leap for joy, when he learned that the Holy Father had passed away? Let us not say so: let us be content with saying that Wolsey and Henry looked with eager confidence to the young Emperor to keep his word. Wolsey had been assured by Charles that he snould be the next Pope. In consequence of the pledge, Henry and his Cardinal had rendered to Charles the most saving service.

What happened? *This* happened, namely; Charles selected his old Flemish tutor, Adrien Dedel, for the Papacy, and caused his election!

In Haggards's "Two Great Rivals," we read—

"When Henry VIII. and Wolsey heard of this, they naturally asked somewhat testily of the Emperor the question: 'Now how on earth has *that* happened?'

'I assure you that I have not the slightest idea in the world,' replied Charles, innocently; 'but I had nothing to do with it. I am as surprised as you are.'

'It seems rather odd—your own tutor too! And now he, of all men, is your Overlord in Naples, where you happen to have some interests,' replied Henry and the Cardinal.'

'It *is* odd, certainly,' retorted Charles, 'but I will see that it doesn't happen again—it shall be Wolsey who is Pope next time, as sure as I am King of the Romans and Emperor-elect. "

With this reply Wolsey had to be satisfied," etc.

In a year, the virtuous Dedel had thoroughly incensed and alarmed the libertine cardinals and bishops whose depraved lives he sought to reform—and Dedel suddenly died, of poison it was said, and the illegitimate son of Julian de Medici became Pope, taking the name of Clement VII.

At this second proof of Charles' duplicity, Henry and Wolsey stood dumbfounded, the laughing-stocks of European diplomacy. When, in February, 1525, Francis was crushed and taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, the English monarch realized the necessity for an alliance with France, to balance the preponderance of Spain.

Henry's prodigal wastefulness in his alternate entertainments of Francis and Charles, together with the expense of troops maintained on the continent, had created a necessity for the extremes of taxation, such as levies of 10 per cent on all property. I find the following interesting item in *The Mirror*, an English magazine devoted to antiquities:

> In the same year, 1525, Cardinal Wolsey had nearly caused a rebellion in England by rashly advising the king to demand a large subsidy without consent of parliament, and the insolent Cardinal said to the reluctant Londoners, "is it not better that some of you should suffer indigence than that the king at this time should lack? Therefore beware and resist not, nor ruffle not in this case, for it may fortune to cost some people their heads."
>
> How would the people of England feel at this day should a minister thus address them?

It was on the 22nd of June, 1527, that Henry VIII. faced his wife to tell

her in person they could no longer live together; that his "conscience" troubled him because of her being his brother's widow; that they had been living in "sin," and that she must leave the court. The Queen's answer was dignified: they were man and wife: the Church and the world had sanctioned their relation, and she would stay where, as wife and queen, she had the right to remain. On neither side was there a tender word, an embrace, or a tear. The one was as selfish and unfeeling as the other.

How different was the scene when Napoleon came to the childless Josephine, wrapped the old wife in his arms, and with broken voice said, "Josephine! My own dear Josephine, the few hours of happiness I have known I owe to you; but my destiny is stronger than my will"—and then, lights out, and a night of sleeplessness, and pillow wet with tears!

Henry was the "Lord's anointed," the son of a "Divine Right" King: Napoleon's mother was a peasant, and his father a village lawyer.

To The Feld of the Cloth of Gold had come Anne Boleyn, an English girl, and Henry was smitten by her graces, vivacities, and charms. Anne, as a mere child, had gone to France with Mary Tudor, when Mary went to marry Louis XII. After the death of Louis, and the quick remarriage of Mary, the girl, Anne Boleyn, was left at Paris, where she became one of the lady-attendants of Marguerite, sister of Francis I. From this Queen of Navarre, it is said that Anne got her leanings to the Reformed Religion, and her distrust of Roman Catholic priests.

Apparently, it is admitted by historians that Queen Marguerite was herself a chaste woman, although her love stories in the *Heptameron* would probably convict her of a felony—and of being a lewd character—in the Federal Courts of this Republic, where the Pope's fine Italian hand does such artistic work.

From her royal patron, Anne Boleyn perhaps received such moral principles as controlled her conduct, for it is not alleged that she indulged in the prevalent vices of the Valois Court. Her sister, in England, had almost certainly been Henry's paramour, but to *her*, he had to offer marriage.

Romanist writers allege that his infatuation for the young and Frenchy Anne was Henry's sole motive for discarding the sere and yellow Catherine. The undisputed dates prove that, however much the King longed for another wife, he was able to restrain his passions with extraordinary patience.

In July 1527, Cardinal Wolsey set out for France, to work in person for the Divorce. Wolsey's plan was to obtain from the Pope "a general faculty" —a sort of ecclesiastical Power-of-Attorney—to act for him during his captivity. Clement VII. was then taking refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, *from the troops of Charles V.*, and Wolsey hoped to get the power to annul Henry's marriage, before the Emperor could make peace with the outraged Papa.

A vast calamity had fallen upon Rome and upon Clement. The Duke of Bourbon, driven into exile and rebellion by the persecutions of Louise of Savoy—the abandoned but capable mother of Francis I.—had not only conquered his faithless King at the battle of Pavia, and taken him prisoner, but he had led his motley army of Spaniards, Italians, German freebooters, and Lutheran fanatics, against the Holy City itself. As he was setting a ladder to the wall to lead a scaling party, he was mortally wounded, but his infuriated soldiers redoubled their efforts, broke through the defences, stormed their way into the streets, and Rome was at the mercy of the fiercest foes that ever pierced her gates.

The Pope, whose intrigues and perfidies had brought this doom upon the Eternal City, fled with the cardinals to the secure shelter of Hadrian's Tomb—whose desecrated battlements now bore the name of the Castle of St. Angelo.

Spaniards, Germans, and Italians

rioted through convents, monasteries, and cathedrals. Cardinal Gaeta, odious because of his persecution of Luther, was crowned with a fool's cap, and kicked and cuffed through the jeering soldiery. The corpse of Pope Julius II. was dragged from its coffin, and its ornaments sold to the Jews. The hoarded, humbug "relics" of St. Peter's and the Lateran were bandied about, thrown into the gutters, destroyed with howls of hatred and derision.

In the rich vestments of the priests, harlots were dressed; and upon the altars, the scarlet women drank and gambled with the irreverent troopers. Priests were made to take part in blasphemous orgies; and in the gorgeous palaces of the cardinals, the rabble feasted and drank, even as the prelates had done.

For five weeks, Clement cowered in the Tomb of Hadrian, a prey to feelings of shame and rage and mortification. Finally, on June 7th, the Pope decided to surrender unconditionally to the German Emperor—Canossa having come to Rome.

But Charles thought it prudent to hold Clement as his prisoner during the remainder of the year; and it was not until December that the Pope, disguised as a menial servant, was allowed to "escape."

Because of the mastery of the Emperor over the Pope, the plan of Cardinal Wolsey was doomed to failure from the first. *He* could not risk a break with the Papacy, because he still cherished the ambition to be the next Pope. Hence, he could not think of a Divorce which was opposed by Clement. Necessarily, then, Wolsey's plan involved *indefinite delay;* and it was his steadfastness to his own plan that caused his ruin. In his whole line of conduct, Wolsey was first, and the King, a distant second. As for God, He wasn't in the plan at all, so far as can be seen.

Pope Clement VII. held one of the most difficult positions ever occupied by a human being. His temporal interests as Italian prince were in conflict with his duties as spiritual guide of his Church. As Pope, it should have been easy for him to give prompt hearing and decision to Henry's plea for Divorce; but, as a petty temporal monarch, situated in the midst of continental rivalries, he was a feather in a tempest, a leaf in a whirlpool, tossed hither and thither, by the exigencies of selfish politics. His talents were not much, if any, above the ordinary; and while he had been an apt scholar in the school of Machiavelli, he was no match for the Emperor. Clement earned the contempt of all parties by his incorrigible perfidies, falsehoods, duplicities, and utter lack of loyalty to anything, excepting the ambitious designs of the Medicean family.

Throughout the long-drawn-out negotiations with Henry, he was never true to either the Emperor or the King. Publicly, he would refuse to budge in Henry's favor, while privately he would whisper, in effect, "Why doesn't he go on and marry, without the Divorce?"

But the King had his own ideas of propriety, and would not listen to suggestions which smacked of concealment and guilt. He pressed the Pope for a Yea or Nay, and the Pope dared not say either. To temporize, to evade, to gain time, was the papal policy, and it dragged the awkward question onward, from year to year.

After many delays and shufflings, Clement sent his Legate—an old Italian named Campeggio—to hear the evidence in England. From Rome to London, the aged Campeggio moved with the speed of an old-fashioned funeral. Months were spent on the road, but he at length arrived. Naturally, he needed rest, after so strenuous a journey, and he took this recuperative indulgence with exceeding liberality of measure. All the while, the amorous Henry was fuming and fretting, saying many things, no doubt, that would be unfit to print.

When Campeggio finally put himself in motion, he had a long private interview with the King, and he confessed that Henry was "a great theologian and jurist." In other words, the King out-talked the Legate.

Then the old man visited Catherine; and he plied her with every

conceivable argument, in the effort to persuade her to subordinate her personal preference to the cruel necessities of the Holy Father, and also to the well-being of England. The Queen was adamant. Neither to Church nor to State, would she abate one jot or tittle of her rights. She firmly maintained that she had never held conjugal relations with her first husband—although living witnesses could testify that when they entered Prince Arthur's bed room, in which he had spent the night with his buxom Spanish bride, he had called for drink, exclaiming, "Messieurs, it is a pleasant pastime to have a wife!"

Since Campeggio could not out-talk the King, nor prevail upon the Queen, there was nothing left for him to do but to bemoan his hard task, and sweat blood. In his distress, he wrote to the Pope, imploring the Holy Papa to tell him what to do. As Clement himself was between the Devil and the Deep Sea, Campeggio got no relief.

An evidence of the Pope's almost silly double-dealing, lies in the fact that he had given Campeggio a decretal, *deciding the law in Henry's favor;* but this document was not to be used under any circumstances, except as a private exhibit to the King and to Wolsey. So terrified was Clement at the thought of this decretal coming to the Emperor's knowledge, that he peremptorily ordered his Legate to burn it, after Henry had seen it.

Such unfathomable deceit could only have aggravated the case, for it tantalized an amorous monarch by telling him, that he had a right to the fruit, but that he Pope could not publicly say so. While the King's feeling must have been one of indignant scorn, Wolsey's was that of profound alarm. He had some elements of statesmanship, and he knew the bull-headed character of Henry: hence, he saw terrible consequences ahead. In the agony of his fears for himself, his papal ambition, and the Papal future, he wrote to the English agent at Rome:

"I see ruin, infamy, and subversion of the whole dignity and estimation of the Apostolic See, if this course is persisted in.

You see in what dangerous times we are. If the Pope will consider the gravity of the cause, and how much the safety of the nation depends on it, he will see that the course he now pursues will drive the King to adopt those remedies that are so injurious to the Pope, and are frequently instilled into the King's mind.

Without the Pope's compliance, I cannot bear up against the storm; and when I reflect upon the conduct of his Holiness, I cannot but fear lest *the common enemy of souls*, seeing the King's determination, *inspires the Pope* with his present fears and reluctance, which will alienate all the faith and devotion from the Apostolic See.

"Let him (Campeggio) proceed to sentence—in the case of the divorce."

So far as I know, this letter from the Cardinal, *telling the Pope that he had been inspired by the Devil*, throughout these negotiations with Henry, has not seen the light.

(It appears on page 153 of Martin Hume's "Wives of Henry VIII.'")

A careful reading of Froude's elaborate eulogy on Henry VIII. has not convinced me that the King was the high-minded paragon of Mr. Froude's fancy; nor does Martin Hume prove that Henry was "a flabby sensualist," a weakling who could not face an enemy or a difficulty. My conception of the King is more human—or at least I think it is. In my judgment, he was a typical John Bull, selfish, opinionated, headstrong, but manly.

He could be as cruel as Francis, Charles and Clement, and he had the most exalted ideas of his absolute authority over his subjects: he was passionate, and he roared with rage when resisted: but, withal, he was very much of a Man, resolute, fearless, pursuing his chosen purpose with terrific driving-power of will.

He had written a book against Luther, and never wavered from that position. He had made up his mind to have a Divorce, and all Europe couldn't turn him. Nor would he stoop to have it by the underhanded methods, hinted

at by the Pope: he would have it in his own way, openly, boldly, defiantly—and the Pope could like it, or dislike it, as he saw fit.

The monarch who caused the old Countess of Salisbury, Anne Boleyn, and Catherine Howard to be murdered on the scaffold was not a paragon of human virtue; but he who, *in that age*, challenged Pope and Emperor, *to get the woman he wanted*, was not "a flabby sensualist"—nor a *flabby* anything else.

On June 18th, 1529, two years after the King of England had applied for the Divorce, the Pope's legates met in London to try the case. The trial was staged *in one of the Pope's monasteries*, the Black Friars. Both Henry and Catherine were served with papal citations, bidding them to appear and plead before this papal court. Both obeyed the summons. The King made his statement to the court, but the Queen protested against the jurisdiction and refused to plead. She made a passionate appeal to Henry, and then "swept from the room." In vain, he sent the usher after her: she refused to return, defying the monarch and the court.

Since the tribunal was especially papal, and the King had *submitted* to its jurisdiction, the Queen's contemptuous flouting of both the Legates and the King, must be counted against her.

Rather than surrender the barren right to live conjugally with a husband to whom she was physically unfit to be the marital mate, she plunged the realm into its mighty struggle with Rome.

Campeggio had proposed that her marriage should be recognized as legal, her daughter legitimate, her title, that of "Queen;" her revenues, inviolable—if only she would ask to be released from the nuptial tie upon the ground that she wished to devote the remainder of her life to religion; and she need not even enter a convent.

No! She would not yield an iota; and she clamored against Campeggio, worried the Pope with shrill complainings, called on the Emperor to take up the sword, actually urging that the whole of England be made to suffer the utmost from Papal and imperial wrath, *on her account!*

From week to week, the trial dragged on. The Pope had written Campeggio to delay as much as possible; and Campeggio delayed and delayed, until Henry and his partisans were well-nigh beside themselves with angry impatience. At the end of July, Campeggio stated in court that it was the custom in Rome to adjourn until October; consequently, the case would "go over" until Fall!

Henry's brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, banged his hand down upon the table violently, shouting—"By the Mass! Now I see that the old saw is true, that there never was Legate or Cardinal that did good in England!"

One historian puts a fine rebuke in the mouth of Wolsey; but it was probably thought of long after the event; for Hall, an original authority, says that, after Suffolk's outburst, "the temporal lords departed to the King, leaving the Legates sitting looking at each other, sore astonished."

The harassed Cardinals—Campeggio and Wolsey—once more went to see Catherine, to implore her not to force a terrible issue between the Pope and the King. She kept them waiting, met them with words of serene insolence, refused to give them a private interview, and haughtily declined to come to any accommodation whatever.

Campeggio left England, and Wolsey searched his baggage at the port, in the fruitless effort to find the burnt decretal.

The fact that a King and Queen of England had been summoned to plead *in a strictly foreign court*, may have had immense influence on the trend of English *independence*. A German monk, backed by a petty German prince, had successfully defied both Emperor and Pope: why couldn't the King of England do as much?

Should a commonplace bastard, of the Medici bankers and merchants, dictate to an English monarch?

Should the Spanish ambassador, a tool of the Jesuits, continue to brave

the English King, inside the realm, by inciting the Spanish Catherine to rebellion and treason?

Such questions as these were running like wilfire, during the Fall of 1530.

Henry's first thunder-clap was his republication of the old statute which made it unlawful for the Pope to exercise any jurisdiction in England.

By way of reply, the Pope issued another brief forbidding Henry's second marriage, "and threatening Parliaments and Bishops if they dared to meddle."

Henry retorted by levying a fine of 100,000 pounds upon the clergy—a sum equal to at least five million dollars of today.

The Bishops howled, and threats of excommunication were heard, but Henry scorned all threats, and the clergy had to crawl.

At this time a very extraordinary Counsellor to the King appeared—Thomas Cromwell—who had been a soldier of fortune, had taken part in the sack of Rome, and had later become a member of Wolsey's household, proving true to his fallen master, when so many had forsaken him.

While the fires of Smithfield were burning non-believers in the Catholic God-making, Thomas Cromwell thus spoke to the King in the gardens of the palace of Whitehall:

"Sire, the Pope refuses you a divorce . . . why wait for his consent? Every Englishman is master in his own house, and why should not you be so in England? Ought a foreign prelate to share your power with you? It is true the bishops make oath to your Majesty; but they make another to the Pope immediately afterwards which absolves them from it. Sire, you are but half a king, and we are but half your subjects. Your kingdom is a two-headed monster: will you bear such an anomaly any longer? Frederick and other German princes have cast off the yoke of Rome. Do likewise; become once more king, govern your kingdom in concert with your lords and commons."

With much more of such talk Cromwell flattered the King, who probably hardly knew whether to punish or reward such unheard-of boldness; but when Cromwell, prepared for the emergency, took from his pocket a copy of the prelates' oath to the Pope, Henry's indignation bore all before it, and Cromwell's fortune was made. He at once obtained a seat in Parliament (1529), and took the lead in the anti-clerical measures which culminated in the emancipation of the English clergy from the Papacy, and their submission to the King.

Martin Hume says in the "Wives of Henry VIII.," that Anne Boleyn probably became the King's mistress in August, 1532. If the King was smitten by the fascinations of the girl, at "The Feld of the Cloth of Gold," in 1520, as Haggard says in "Two Great Rivals," the self-retraint of the monarch, or the resistance of the lady, was most unusual in those days, when most women considered it an honor to be a royal concubine. Twelve years of love and virtue seldom go together, even in our own halcyon days.

In January, 1533, Henry and Anne were secretly married at Greenwich, and the reason for haste seems to have been the same that hurried his private nuptials with Catherine.

Thoroughly dismayed by the near prospect of a conflict with the English King, Pope Clement now proposed that the question of Divorce be submitted to two Cardinals who would sit at Cambray and decide in Henry's favor. As papal misfortune would have it, Clement overreached himself. Having already planted a Medici—his neice—in the royal family of France, as wife of Francis' son, the Pope asked the hand of Henry's daughter Mary for Alexander de Medici, Duke of Florence.

This proposition doubly wounded the King's pride: it savored of bargain, and it offered him what he considered a marriage far below his daughter.

Had not the Pope, at this critical moment, intruded his temporal and family ambition upon an ecclesiastical entanglement, it is extremely probable that the two Cardinals at Cambray might have gone through a pre-judged trial, and thus saved appearances all around.

But Clement ruined everything, as Wolsey had said he would; and when

the Roman consistory, on March 23rd, 1534, at last decided that Henry's first marriage was valid, the British Parliament had its counter-stroke ready.

The King's second marriage was declared legal, he was made head of the English Church, the Pope's revenues were cut off, and the English prelates placed under stern English laws, to the exclusion of all others.

The English Reformation had become a dynamic, epoch-marking fact, chiefly because the worldly designs of the Pope had prevented him from freely exercising his spiritual functions.

An English ecclesiastical court had already granted the Divorce, in the absence of Catherine, who treated it with contempt, and the act of Parliament made it the law of the land.

The realm and its King had not ceased to be Catholic: they had merely ceased to be papal. In other words, their alleged religion continued to be the same as the alleged religion of the Pope, but *politically* they had cut loose from Rome.

Romanist writers cannot afford to tell the truth about the controversy between Henry VIII. and the Papacy; therefore they all relate it in about the same way, as follows:

"Henry—a creature of mere animal passions—tired of his lawful wife, desired another. He applied to Rome for a divorce. He was, of course, refused. He pressed his application again in terms that but too plainly foreshadowed to the supreme pontiff what the result of a refusal might be. It was, no doubt, a serious contingency for the holy see to contemplate—the affection to the new religion of a king and a nation so powerful as the English. . . . . To avert this disaster to Catholicity, it was merely required to wrong one woman, merely to permit a lustful king to have his way, and sacrifice to his brute passions his helpless wife. With full consciousness, however, of all that the refusal implied, the holy see refused to permit to a king, that which could not be permitted to the humblest of his subjects —refused to allow a wife's right to be sacrificed, even to save to the side of Catholicity, for three centuries, the great and powerful English nation." (A. M. Sullivan's **Ireland**, p. 188.)

All this fine writing to the detriment of Henry VIII. and the exaltation of the pope would be very good, if only it was true. It reminds one of a passage in Paschal's **Letters**:—"It is only a venial sin to calumniate and accuse of false crime, in order to ruin the credit of those who speak ill of us. It is certainly a probable opinion, says Caramonel, that there is no mortal sin in calumniating falsely, for the purpose of preserving our honour. For it is maintained by more than twenty great doctors, Gaspar, Hartado, Dicastullus, Jesuits, &c., so if this doctrine be not probable, there must hardly be any which could be so called in all theology." (Paschal **Letters**, Prov. xv. 1—3, p. 183.)

Two things which brought about King Henry VIII.'s marriage were:—1st. The previous sinful act of the pope in allowing Henry VIII. to marry his brother's wife. 2nd. The constant habit of previous popes of allowing men of influence to put away their wives.

Roman Catholics tell us that there were no scruples in Henry VIII.'s mind until he saw Anne Boleyn in 1527, and that the pope would not hear of a divorce. But the Roman Catholic historian, Lingard, tells us that he had a dispensation from the pope in that very year to marry any woman he pleased. He says: "The pope signed two instruments to him by the envoys of King Henry: the one authorising Cardinal Wolsey to decide the question of divorce in England as the papal legate, **granting to Henry a dispensation to marry, in the place of Catherine, any other woman whomsoever**, even if she were promised to another or related to him in the first degree of affinity." (Lingard's **History of England**, vi., p. 128.)

In 1528 the pope told Sir Gregory Cassalis, Henry's VIII.'s Ambassador to Rome, when the French and English had gained a battle over the Imperialists in North Italy: —**"That if the French would only approach near enough TO ENABLE HIM TO PLEAD COMPULSION, he would grant a commission to Wolsey with plenary power to conclude the cause."** [i.e., to allow Henry VIII. to marry again.] (Froude's **History of England**, vol. i., p. 129.)

Again, the legates writing to the pope in 1529, say: "It was mere madness to suppose that the king would act as he was doing, merely out of dislike of the queen, **or our of an inclination for another person.** He was not a man whom harsh manners or unpleasant disposition could so far provoke, **nor can any sane man believe him to be so infirm of character that sensual allurements would have led him to dissolve a connexion in which he had passed the flower of youth without stain or blemish, and in which he has borne himself in his present trial so reverently and honourably."** (Froude's **History**, vol. i., p. 106;

The legates, also writing to the pope, say: **"There were false suggestions surmised abroad,** as if hatred to the queen, or the desire of another wife, were the true causes of the suit. . . . But they, by searching this sore, **found there was rooted in his heart both an awe of God and a respect to law and order; so that THOUGH ALL HIS PEOPLE PRESSED HIM TO AN ISSUE, yet he would wait for the decision of the apostolic see.".** (Burnet's **History of Reformation,** vol. ii., p. 110.)

Milner tells us (**End of Controversy,** p. 445) that it was seeing Anne Boleyn made Henry VIII. pretend scruples about his marriage with Catherine of Arragon; while history tells us that, so far back as twenty-eight years before his marriage with Anne Boleyn, A. D. 1405, Henry, on the advice of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and also at the command of Henry VII., his father, on the plea that the marriage of Catherine of Arragon was contrary to the law of God, and that the issue of such a marriage being illegitimate could not succeed to the throne, declared before a notary public: "That, whereas being under age, he was married to the Princess Catherine, now, on coming of age, he protested against the marriage as illegal, and annulled it." (Cotton Library, British Museum, and Burnet's **History of the Reformation.**)

THIS WAS BEFORE ANNE BOLEYN WAS BORN. The Roman Catholic historian, Fleury, speaking of the pope's dispensation to Henry to marry Catherine of Arragon, says: **"Nevertheless, the prelates of England were divided about the validity of the dispensation.** Warham, Arshbishop of Canterbury, mentioned that the first marriage had been consummated; that Prince Arthur had made this known . . . . that the ambassadors of his Spanish Majesty, by order of his master, had taken certificates and sent them to Spain. Fox, the Bishop of Winchester, ... held **that the dispensation of the pope satisfied all objections.** . . . took away all difficulties, and closed the mouth of anyone who should wish to oppose the alliance; **accordingly, without this it might be disputed, and cause trouble about the succession."** (Fleury's **Hist. Cont.,** xxiv., 507.)

Not only were the bishops of England divided about the lawfulness of the pope's dispensation to Henry to marry Catherine, the widow of his brother Arthur, **but even the consistory of cardinals that was held at Rome for considering this very subject were divided:** many of the cardinals holding the very opinions about the dispensation which were afterwards taken up by Henry VIII. (Fleury's **Eccl. Hist.,** xxiv., 507.)

Lingard tells us that the pope sent word to Henry VIII. that: "If the king be convinced, as he affirms, that his present marriage is null, **he might marry again. This would enable me or the legate to decide the question at once.** Otherwise it is plain that by appeals, exceptions, and adjournments, the case may be protracted for many years." (Lingard's Roman Catholic **History of England,** vi. 129.)

Dr. Lingard gives the date of this document, January, 1528, but Henry VIII. was not married to Anne Boleyn until January, 1533, and she was crowned queen, June 1st, 1533. The ceremony was attended by Roman Catholic bishops and monks and abbots; by bishops Bonner and Gardiner, who held up the lappits of her robe, and the Bishop of Bayonne graced the ceremony. On the 10th of March the Roman Catholic bishops and archbishop held a consistory, and came to the unanimous decision that the first marriage was void **de facto et de jure.** Bonner, Gardiner, Stokesly, Clark, Langland were among the bishops, and Sir Thomas Moore, who has been made a saint by Leo XIII. himself, brought up the petition for the divorce to the House of Lords.

On September 7th, 1533, Elizabeth was born. On the interference of Francis I., King of France, the pope promised to give his sanction to the divorce, provided the king submitted to his (the pope's) jurisdiction. The pope said then to the King of France what the king wrote to Henry VIII., that:—"The pope was satisfied that the King of England WAS RIGHT, that HIS CAUSE WAS GOOD, and that he had only to acknowledge the papal jurisdiction by some formal act to find sentence immediately given in his favour." (Froude's **History of England,** vol. ii., 151; **State Papers,** i., 421; Burnet's **History of Reformation,** vol. i., p. 101.)

Again, the French monarch wrote to Henry VIII., saying he was commissioned to offer a league, offensive and defensive, between England, France, and the Papacy, and that the pope would acknowledge the divorce. To all this Henry VIII. replied: —"That all his acts, from the commencement of his reign, proved that he was well disposed towards the pope; but as matters stood, **he would make no conditions.** It would redound much **to the pope's dishonour,** if he should seem to pact and covenant for the administration of that thing **which in his conscience he had adjudged to be rightful.** It was not to be doubted that if he had determined to give sentence for the nullity of the first marriage, **he had established in his own conscience a firm persuasion that he ought to do so,** and therefore he should do his duty **simplicitier et gratis,** without worldly respect, or for the preservation of his pretended power and authority." "To see him [added Henry VIII.,] **to have this opinion, and yet refuse to give judgment in**

our behalf, unless we be contented, for his benefit and pleasure, to do something prejudicial to our subjects and contrary to our honour, it is easy to be foreseen what the world and posterity shall judge of so base a prostitution of justice." (Froude's **History of England**, vol. ii., p. 151; **State Papers**, vol. i., p. 421.)

So you see it was not Henry VIII.'s inordinate passion which brought about such eventful matters, but the pope's double-dealing and ambition; fixing a price on his consent to the divorce, and also that it was Henry VIII. and not the pope who was incorruptible.

Next, as to the other point, let us consider whether it was the constant habit of the popes to allow men of influence to put away their wives.

Dyer, in his History, tells us that:—"Louis XII. was already married without issue. He determined, however, to remove this obstacle by producing a divorce from his ugly and deformed wife Jeanne, daughter of Louis XI. . . . . Thus Louis to procure a divorce stood in urgent need of the pope's services, just at the time when the latter had withdrawn his son Cæsar, Cardinal of Valencia, from the ecclesiastical profession, and had determined to make him a great temporal prince. With this view Alexander had already demanded for Cæsar the hand of the daughter of King Frederick of Naples; and being nettled by a refusal he resolved to throw himself into the arms of the French party. The disgraceful alliance between Louis and the Bargias was cemented by their mutual wants, and Cæsar Borgia was despatched into France. . . . . He came provided with the necessary bull for the divorce, and was determined to sell at the highest possible rate. It was a sale in the open market of a solvent function of the church. . . . . The divorce was soon granted, though on pleas the most frivolous and unjust; Jeanne defended herself but feebly, and returned to Bourges. . . . . The king's marriage with Anne of Brittany was celebrated Jan. 1, 1499." (Dyer's **Modern Europe**, p. 236.)

Again, Rapin relates the following:—"But whilst John (A. D. 1200) was making all these conquests, he himself was vanquished by the charmss of Isabella of Augouleme, one of the greatest beauties of the time. . . . But his ends could not be attained without great difficulty. She had been contracted to the Earl of Marche. . . . . He had no less than two marriages to break through at once, namely, his own with Avisa of Gloucester, who during the several years they had been together, had never given him occasion to complain; and that of Isabella with the Earl of Marche. However, his new love, having made him call to mind that Avisa was related to him within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity forbidden by the canons, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury had protested against the marriage, he besought the pope to annul it. Whether the pope was willing to do the king a pleasure, or whether he was glad to exert the authority of the church, he appointed the archbishop of Bordeaux and two of the bishops to judge the case. After an examination, the commissioners declared John't marriage with Avisa null and void; which done, the king demanded Isabella of the Earl of Augouleme, her father, who gave her to him, without the least consequence of breaking his word, in order to procure the crown for his daughter." (Rapin's **History of England**, vol. iii., p. 161.)

The high sounding passage in Sullivan's **History of Ireland** against Henry VIII. loses its force when we consider the morals of that period; for were the morals of Henry VIII. as black as his worst enemies picture them, he would still contrast favourably with many occupying the very righest dignities in the Roman Catholic Church. (See Reeve's **History of the Christian Church**, Part x., p. 248; Raffenberg's **History de la Torso D'Or**; Dyer's **Modern Europe**, vol. v., p. 123; Turner's **History of England**; **Rolls of Parliament and Statutes**, vol. i., p. 352.)

The Woman of Babylon.

Joseph Hocking.

This Story will be Issued in Book Form. Back numbers of the Magazine cannot be supplied.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOVER AND THE JESUIT.

"I think you are quite right, Father Ritzoom," said the young barrister quietly; "nevertheless, as one whose profession it is to help the distressed, I am sure you will forgive my friend for putting his question so bluntly. But here is the truth. Mr. Raymond's daughter has been at a school in Bruges—a school with which you are connected. While there she became a convert to your faith. But this you will doubtless know?"

He waited for a reply, which the priest hesitated to give.

"It is probably as you say, Mr. Harrington," he said presently; "and please forgive my not recognising you when you came in so suddenly just now. Of course, young girls going from Protestant homes—I presume Mr. Raymond is a Protestant—naturally embrace the truth when it is presented to them."

"Be that as it may, she joined your communion without her father's knowledge."

"That is lamentable," said the priest. "Mr. Raymond should have been informed, of course. That matter must be inquired into."

"On her return home a few weeks ago, her father decided to send her to another school—a Moravian school in Germany. This, of course, you also know, as well as the fact that she promised to be my wife."

"This is very interesting, Mr. Harrington; very interesting. But pray how was such a matter as this to come to my knowledge?"

"I spent an hour or so with my brother Cecil today," said Harrington quietly.

For the first time the Jesuit changed colour. Instinctively he felt that in dealing with Harrington he was not dealing with a man who used such blunt weapons as Walter Raymond.

"Well, here comes our difficulty," went on Harrington, apparently not noticing the changed look on the Jesuit's face. "Yesterday Miss Joyce Raymond left home, without letting even her father or myself know where she had gone."

"Ah! I presume she was unhappy at home."

"Far from it," replied Harrington. "She was very happy."

"Strange—strange," said Ritzoom, like one musing. "But young girls have curious fancies. But did she leave no letter—no message of any sort? I ask this," he added quickly, "because sometimes circumstances occur in a girl's life which may lead to some sudden act, but which may be easily explained afterwards."

There was not a suggestion of irritability in his manner. He might have been a lawyer to whom clients had come for advice, and

who was trying to understand the whole case before offering an opinion.

"Yes," said Harrington, "she left letters for her father and myself. In her father's letter she said she was a child of your Church, and gave that as a reason for leaving home."

"It is very sad when families are not united in religion," replied Ritzoom; "very sad. But what would you, gentlemen? If she found the truth, she must be true to it. Of course, this doubtless seems brutal to you; but to a priest of the Church it is easily explained. From what I can gather, your daughter, Mr. Raymond, felt that she must save her soul, even although she sacrificed her home. As a man of conscience, do you not feel this?"

He addressed himself to Walter, as if he were the questioner, and not Harrington.

"I have no doubt you have stated your side of the case correctly," said Harrington; "still, that does not explain everything. She had become engaged to me, and yet, while I was away in the West of England, she took this step."

"Excuse me," said Ritzoom, with a laugh. "I am afraid I know very little about the relations between lovers. But cannot this be explained? Just think, Mr. Raymond. Is it not natural that during Mr. Harrington's absence the claims of conscience had to be dealt with?"

"That depends," said Harrington, not giving Raymond time to answer.

"On what, my dear sir?"

"On what outside influence was brought to bear."

"Ah, yes; doubtless you are right; but I am sure you will see that I am rather out of my element in an affair like this—and I am a busy man."

In this Ritzoom rather overstepped the mark. In the game of fencing at which they were playing, it gave Harrington his first chance of touching his antagonist.

"Yes; I know you are a busy man," he replied. "It has often been a mystery to me how you have the time to engage in matters so numerous and so varied. I should hardly have thought you would find time to become confessor to a school-girl."

Evidently Ritzoom's mind worked quickly. His eye flashed dangerously for a moment, but he went on quietly:

"Of course, years ago a great deal of work of this nature fell to my lot; but it is not a matter to be talked about. The Confessional is secret, Mr. Harrington. We cannot deal with cases as you deal with them in the law courts."

"No," said Harrington; "the reporters are always present with us. It is the business of lawyers to bring truth to the light."

"Yes, yes," said Ritzoom, parrying the thrust; "but do you think, Mr. Harrington, that the ends of justice are really served by making everything public? It is a debatable question, I know. Why should the world know of all the doings of individuals with whom it has no concern?"

He evidently intended to divert Harrington from the path he intended to tread; but the lawyer replied quietly:

"The criminal is afraid of public opinion, Father Ritzoom—that is why."

"Ah," said Ritzoom with a laugh. "I do not know the particular

nature of your work, but men who practise at the criminal bar are prone to take a sordid view of matters. They attribute all matters which are secret to crime, not always realising that the sensitive mind loathes publicity."

The Jesuit was getting his way. He was leading the conversation into generalities, and thus into less dangerous ground. Moreover, he knew that in matters of cut and parry he could hold his own with any man.

"No doubt there is much in what you say," said Harrington; "but to come back from generalities to the case in question. As Joyce Raymond's confessor, she will naturally have told you what her intentions were."

"I have never yet abused my office as confessor," said Ritzoom. "It is a very solemn matter with us, Mr. Harrington. As a priest I should no more think of betraying what took place at confession than you would think of betraying the confidence of a client."

"Nor of making known the penances which you imposed?"

"Think of a priest's position, and remember——"

"Not when that penance meant a young girl leaving her father's house?"

He had pricked the priest deeply at last, and for a moment Ritzoom was thrown off his guard.

"You are making a serious accusation, Mr. Harrington," he said.

"Never since I have been in practice have I ever been known to make an accusation without being in a position to substantiate it," he said. "That is why we have come to you."

The Jesuit lifted his head, and for a moment the two men's eyes met. "How much does he know?" said the man of the Church to himself, and he felt that the time had come for him to change his tactics.

"It is little I know of the English bar, Mr. Harrington," he said, "but I have been told that you follow a method which, while momentarily successful, is not held in high esteem by those who have the dignity of their profession at heart. You assume a certain number of things which you think will prove your case, and then try to make your witnesses give evidence in favour of these things."

"I never assume anything," said Harrington. "It has always been my endeavour to bring truth to light. Moreover, I have often succeeded."

"Of course, your witnesses have had to take an oath to give evidence."

"Naturally."

"Ah!" said Ritzoom.

"There are things which compel witnesses to speak the whole truth, other than an oath before a judge," said Harrington.

"What, may I ask? It would be interesting to know."

"Fear of publicity."

"But when one has no fear of publicity?"

"When one has no fear of publicity, then one has done nothing which he desires to hide.

"Pardon me, I do not think you are right."

"No?"

"No; as a matter of debatable interest, I do not think you are right. When one is absolutely certain that what he has done cannot be brought to light, he has no fear."

He no longer used the subterfuge of ignorance. He felt, after a few minutes' conversation, that Harrington was not a man to come to him lightly, neither would he come without a case.

"There is another factor which I am surprised that a man of your profession should have forgotten," said the barrister.

"And that?"

"Conscience."

"Oh, no; I had not forgotten. When a man's conscience approves of what he has done, then there is calm. Of course, we are considering a case in the abstract."

So far no ground had been gained. Neither Raymond, by his plain blunt questions, nor Harrington, by his more guarded insinuations, had extracted anything from Ritzoom of which they were not certain before.

"Of course, I need not urge that, acting upon the advice of her confessor, Joyce Raymond has left her father's house."

"I should say that you would have infinite difficulty in proving it," replied the priest.

"Being a minor, the law is on her father's side. In the eyes of the English law, he has full control over her actions. You will see that he has a case to go before the courts. He could demand that the place of residence be made known."

"And then?"

"It would become known."

The priest smiled blandly.

"You do not think so?"

"I am only a plain man, Mr. Harrington. I am not versed in the intricacies of the law. No counsel would refer to me as 'my learned friend,'" and he imitated the manner of a popular advocate. "I am only an obscure and humble priest, trying to save people's souls; but I should say this: before any court would give you a hearing, you would have to give some substantial evidence which would go to prove that this said priest not simply advised her, but used some compulsion to get her away from her father's home. I say you would have to prove this. Even your English law cannot compel a priest to divulge the secrets of the Confessional. You would also have to prove that the priest was cognisant of her whereabouts. To a poor layman's eyes you would have no case, Mr. Harrington. Even if you had, that priest can be utterly ignorant of the place where she resides."

"He can be?"

"I repeat, he *can* be."

"He can also be made to divulge it."

"Under what compulsion?"

"The compulsion of facts."

"What facts?"

"Facts that can be adduced."

The Jesuit hesitated a moment, as if he were in doubt as to the course he should pursue. Should it be a course of silence, or of speech? He chose the latter.

"Family histories, however humdrum, are very painful when reported in the newspapers, Mr. Harrington. Moreover, when lovers are advocates—well, the public has a curious way of laughing. Then there is the questions of proofs. They are so illusive, aren't they? To prove that a certain priest advised a penitent to go away from

surroundings inimical to the faith, that is scarcely criminal, is it? And even if it were, it is exceedingly difficult. Then, go further; to prove that this same priest decoyed her to some place he knows of —ah, that would be more difficult still."

"Still, the father has a right to know his daughter's whereabouts."

"He has the right to try and find out, undoubtedly."

"And when he finds out?"

"Ah, that is an assumption."

"An assumption which can become an actuality."

The Jesuit smiled confidently.

"An assumption which can become an actuality," repeated Harrington quietly.

"Do you know," said Ritzoom pleasantly, "that your conversation is very interesting? I have always maintained that education, that is, primarily, is looking at life through the eyes of other men. Now naturally I look at life through the eyes of a priest; it therefore becomes very refreshing to look at it through the eyes of a lawyer. Let us assume for a moment that your accusation is true—only for argument's sake, of course. Well, here is a priest who, you say, has advised the daughter of a Protestant father to go to some place of hiding. The daughter, desirous of saving her soul, follows his advice. The father sets out to find her. Now, as one who has practised in criminal law, what steps would you advise the father to take?"

"The first step," said Ned Harrington, watching the priest closely, "would be to find out to what convent he has taken her."

"And then?" said the Jesuit.

"Then the rest would be plain."

"Pardon me if I do not agree with you. You see, Mr. Harrington, even the English law, Protestant country as England is, recognises the sacred rights of a Catholic institution. Even in the case of a laundry—think of it, Mr. Harrington—in the case of a laundry, a humdrum place where clothes are washed and ironed, if that laundry is a Catholic institution, no one has the right of entrance. And this applies not only to a layman, to a man having no official standing, but even a Government inspector has no right of entrance. I daresay you have noticed the discussions in the House of Commons, Mr. Harrington. Interesting, were they not? But it was those awful Irishmen again, and the few English Catholics. But, you see, your Prime Minister shelved the question. Protestant country as you profess to be, he feared the Catholics, and as a consequence——" The priest shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Nevertheless, convents have been known to reveal secrets, Father Ritzoom."

"Ah, that introduces another question, Mr. Harrington. Have you observed how little notice has been taken of the stories of runaway nuns? You see, these nuns generally get married, or get mixed up in some unsavoury incident, and then—hey presto! But your Protestant public grows very charitable towards the poor, misrepresented Catholics."

Father Ritzoom laughed quietly as he spoke.

"Not always," said Harrington, still watching the priest steadily.

"No?" said Ritzoom. "It would be interesting to know of exceptions."

"Those cases on the Continent, especially the notorious case in the South of France."

"The Continent—ah!" And again the priest shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, the Continent," went on Harrington. "There, in those Catholic countries, you have the fewest rights."

"Ah, but do you not boast that England is the home of the free, the land of liberty? It is a very awkward thing to have a reputation to live up to."

Harrington pressed this point no further. He felt sure he had gained the knowledge he desired.

He rose to go, while a look of relief came into Ritzoom's eyes.

"Naturally, it would not apply in this case," said Harrington, as though a thought struck him suddenly. "But I put it to you as a general principle. Suppose—I say, only suppose, for in this case it is out of the question—but suppose that the question of money came up in connection with such a case as we have been discussing?"

Harrington's eyes were very keen as he spoke, but he did not see a muscle of Ritzoom's face move. The young barrister, however, was sure that a faint tinge of red coloured his cheek.

"These things do not trouble me," said Ritzoom; "they are out of my beat, somewhat. But in such a case the Church can always show a pair of clean hands."

He rose as he spoke, a sardonic smile still playing around his lips.

"I am sorry I cannot help you, gentlemen," he said, "and you have my deepest sympathy. My own opinion—I do not say it is worth much—but my own opinion is that in such a case as you have represented you are practically helpless. You see, everything rests on assumption—everything."

"Oh, no, not everything," replied Ned Harrington. "As I told you, I never take up a case on assumption, and I always keep my master cards until my opponent has led his strong suit. Some people say it is bad play, but I find that it works out very well. Pray for give us for occupying so much of your valuable time."

Neither of the men held out his hand, but the priest walked to the door and opened it.

"I assure you, gentlemen, that you have my sincerest sympathy. Good-evening."

"Good-evening," said Harrington. "A pleasant voyage to you, Father Ritzoom. It's not far from Dover to Ostend; still I have known some nasty passages. But doubtless you are a good sailor, and it looks as though it would be a fine night. At the same time, one can never tell. Sudden squalls often spring up at this time of the year."

The priest bowed gravely, and the two men passed out. When the sound of their footsteps died away he went back to his armchair and lit a fresh cigar. Ritzoom could always think best when he was smoking.

"How did he know I was going to Ostend tonight?" he said to himself. "And what will he deduce from it?"

He looked at his watch. He still had plenty of time, but he went to the next room and began to examine his baggage as if he were impatient. Then he came back to the sitting-room again.

"A lawyer and a lover," he said. "It is a strong combination. Besides, he is one of those quiet, self-restrained fellows. An Italian

or a Russian would have conducted the case differently. There would have been more shrugging of shoulders, more innuendo, but there would be less danger. He is a man who never gets into a passion, and he hides a great deal. I wonder how much; but he has got nothing from me which he did not know before. But for his brother he would have known nothing. Still, it is, perhaps, best as it is. Apparent openness and frankness always looks well. Yes; it is a difficult case, and the piloting must be skilfully done. But it must be won—we cannot afford to lose it. There are many reasons why we cannot afford to lose it."

He sat for some time smoking and thinking. To judge from his face, he was not easy in his mind; on more than one occasion he bit the end of his cigar rather savagely, and once he clenched his fist as if in anger.

Again he looked at his watch.

"He is a minute past his time," he said, "and I must leave in ten minutes." He rung the bell.

"I shall want a cab to be at the door in five minutes from now," he said to the man who came.

"Very well, sir."

"No one has called since those two gentlemen left?"

"What two gentlemen, sir? I did not know of any. No one has called to my knowledge, sir."

"Thank you; that is all. Stay—you can send the porter for my baggage."

"Yes, sir."

A minute later Father Brandon entered, but Ritzoom scarcely spoke to him. When they got into the cab, however, he said quietly:

"Well?"

"That is the word."

"The postulant made a strong appeal for admission?"

"Naturally."

"I have only one word of advice, Brandon, before I drop you where the traffic is thickest."

"I thought I was going to the station with you."

"There is no need. There is only one word of advice I have to give you, and it is literally one word. Nay, it is a command, and it must be obeyed implicitly—absolutely."

"Yes; what is it?"

"Silence."

Father Brandon bowed his head. The cab shot into Pall Mall, where there was much traffic. Ritzoom motioned the cabman to stop.

"Get out here. Good night."

"When shall I hear from you again?"

"When? When there is need."

The cab drove on, leaving Brandon on the pavement with an angry look on his face.

"Something has gone wrong with him," said Father Brandon. "What, I wonder?"

Meanwhile, Harrington and Raymond walked westward. After they had left Ritzoom's room they had sat sipping tea for some time in the vestibule of the hotel. They were seated behind a pillar, but in such a position that, while they were hidden, they could see everyone who came to and went from the hotel. Harrington was very

particular in choosing his place. While they had sat there, they had exchanged scarcely a word.

"We have made very little headway," said Raymond as they walked westward.

"But we have made some," said Harrington.

"What?"

"Wait until we get to my rooms," said the other. "I can tell you there."

CHAPTER XIX.

"AN ENGLISH CONVENT IS A SEALED HOUSE."

"There was very little got out of him."

"I did not expect much. At first I was in doubt as to whether we should go to him, but I came to the conclusion that it would be better. I am glad we did."

"But have we not put him on his guard? He knows now what our views are."

"He knew them before we went. Even if he did not, he would have suspected, and acted accordingly. No, there is nothing lost in that direction. Throughout the day I have been making minute inquiries about Ritzoom, and all my discoveries have confirmed previous information and impressions. For the last twenty years he has devoted his life to what are called 'delicate questions'; if a young heiress has had to be converted, or a member of Parliament led to see the Catholic view of things, Ritzoom has been the man chosen for the work. If there has been a question of an influential Protestant marrying a Romanist, Ritzoom has invariably represented Catholic interests. Moreover, it has generally come about that either the Protestant has become a Catholic, or that all settlements have been in favour of the side Ritzoom has represented. He never makes speechs for the Catholic Truth Society; he works in secret, and he works with marvellous effect. As a rule, there are large interests at stake when Ritzoom interests himself. He is regarded as a deadly opponent because he prepares himself for every contingency. Of course, he has been known to fail, but only rarely. Oh, there is not the slightest doubt but that he had considered the possibility of our associating him with the business."

"You feel sure he has been associated with it? I thought he was trying to throw us off the track."

"I should say his connection with the matter is of such a nature that it will be exceedingly difficult to trace it to him; but his is the mind behind everything. As I told you, he works in secret. He pulls the strings, and his puppets move."

"All the same, it seems to me we have made very little headway."

"And, as I said, we have made some."

Harrington and Raymond were sitting in the former's rooms. They had walked thither almost in silence, but now they spoke freely.

"What headway have we made, Ned?"

"We have located the position of Joyce's hiding-place."

"What!"

"No, do not build your hopes too high. It is not much we have

done. You know that game we played at your house on the night Joyce came home from school? One thought of something and the others had to find out what it was. You see, the whole business lay in narrowing the ground of inquiry. First, was it animal, vegetable, or mineral? Then, where did it exist? And so on. You know the process. Well, I went on that line with Ritzoom. I felt sure he knew of her hiding-place—but where was it? You see, the Roman Church has institutions all over the world. There are thousands of convents in Belgium, in France, in Spain, in Italy. Where had she been taken? Well, I am firmly convinced that she is in England."

"Why?"

"Do you remember the conversation about the privileges which Catholics had in Continental countries? Do you remember the expression on his face when he referred to them?"

Walter Raymond sat quietly thinking for a moment.

"You are probably right," he said presently; "but surely it is not enough to accept such an inference as proof."

"Not by itself, no; but when it is supported by other things——"

"Yes, what?"

"First, I discovered that Brandon left his house at noon yesterday, and that he took a cab to St. Pancras. Now St. Prancas is not the station we should use if we intended going to the Continent. Second, I have discovered that he told his housekeeper of his intention to join Father Kelly, who is a kind of curate to him, and that they would be back today. Third, Brandon took only a light, thin overcoat. It is true the weather is fine, but when a man is crossing the Channel in the spring he——"

"Yes, yes; I understand," said Raymond.

"Then there is another consideration. I saw Brandon come to the Cosmopolitan tonight."

"I did not."

"You did not expect him, and therefore were not looking as eagerly for him as I was. Now, if he had been on the Continent, and knowing that Ritzoom was just starting for Ostend, he would not come to London to meet him. They would meet at Ostend, or Brussels, or Bruges, or——"

"You are right, Ned. Still, we have not covered all the ground. Would Brandon directly associate himself with the business at all?"

"Not directly, but either he or Kelly would keep a watchful eye on the matter. You see, Ritzoom is not the man to multiply agents, especially as Kelly, who, I am told, is a man after Ritzoom's own heart, was at hand. Moreover, Kelly has seldom been to your house, and has been kept in the background all the way through. No; Ritzoom would wish to appear as little as possible in the matter. Especially would he refrain from going there after what I said to him—if she was there."

"True; but how do you know he has gone?"

"I am waiting for assurance. I thought I should have had it by this time. But even if these calculations are all right, they do not give me my strongest reason for believing that Joyce is in England." "No?"

"No; I believe she has been taken to an English convent, because the laws of no country are so favourable to the Catholics as English laws. Ritzoom was quite right when he said that no one had the right of entry into an English Catholic institution. As was fully demonstrated at the discussion in the House of Commons only a

week or so ago, anything can be done in a Catholic convent—*anything*—and yet no one need be the wiser. There could be birth or death; there could be cruelty or outrage, and the world need know nothing. The heads of such institutions can snap their fingers in the face of the world. Even if we were sure that Joyce was in a convent in London, I doubt if we could find a means of entrance. Once immured there, she is for ever powerless."

Walter Raymond started to his feet; for a moment he seemed like losing his self-control, but he conquered himself.

"It must be altogether a matter of wits," he said quietly.

"Yes; we have to match our brains against the cleverest schemer in the Jesuit Oder. And the country does not know this—the privilege of the Roman Catholic institutions. The country does not realise it. Ever since Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries the Jesuits have been fighting for their own hand. What one generation has failed to do the other has taken up. They have taken advantage of the crass blindness of the British public; they have taken advantage of the Englishman's known love of fair-play, by obtaining more than anyone has the right to obtain. They have their spies and envoys everywhere: political wire-pullers are at every corner. To such a pass has it come that when a measure is brought before the House, demanding the right of public inspection for Roman Catholic institutions, the Papists arouse such a storm that the Prime Minister shelves everything. Ritzoom was right; a nunnery is a sealed house as far as public inquiry is concerned."

"Then anything may be done to Joyce."

"Anything."

"And no one be the wiser?"

"No one. Once within the walls of an English convent, and the heads of the convent have absolute control over the inmate. Mark you, I am not saying that they abuse their power. Moreover, in most cases parents are cognisant of their children's whereabouts, and all postulants and novices have a period of probation before they take their vows. During that time they are supposed to be allowed to converse with visitors, and, if they feel so disposed, they can leave. Anyhow, that is what the public are told. After they have taken vows, however—that is, in the exclusive orders—they can only see visitors through an iron grill. I have not yet gone into the question closely, but, as far as I can gather, the register of deaths which they keep is supposed to be final and authoritative."

A look of despair came into Walter Raymond's eyes; his face became more haggard than ever.

"My poor little Joyce!" he cried. "My dear, dear little maid! Oh, Ned, we must save her."

"We will," replied Harrington quietly; "besides, I do not think you need fear. I believe no harm will happen to her at present. I believe, too, that she will be kindly dealt with. I have no doubt that at the present time she is treated with all courtesy and consideration. The danger will come later."

"What do you mean?"

"The danger will be when Ritzoom plays his trump cards. All this is for some ulterior purpose. There is something behind it all."

"But what?"

Harrington opened his mouth to reply, but at that moment a servant entered with a telegram. He read it, and then passed it to Raymond.

"*Saw priest on board Ostend boat.*"

That was all. It had the Dover postmark.

"You sent a man down?"

"Yes; the fellow is indebted to me in various ways, and I occasionally employ him. In his own way he is very valuable. Of course, I had to make special arrangements to get a wire at this hour."

"Ned," said Walter Raymond after a few seconds' silence, "I can see no way out of it. It is a veritable *cul de sac*. Perhaps it is because my brain is dazed by anxiety and want of sleep, but I see no loophole anywhere. I believe with you that she will have gone to an English convent; but how can we find out which? If what you say is true, they are all as secret as death. We have no right of entry, we have no right of inquiry. As you know, these Catholic places have multiplied tremendously. Other countries, Catholic countries, demand certain things of them; they refuse these demands. Then they leave those countries and come to England, and, according to you, they may be veritable prison houses. I have not gone into the law of these places, but I will. I will sift everything to the bottom. But meanwhile, Ned—meanwhile?"

"Yes, meanwhile," repeated Harrington grimly.

"If anything could be gained by making the matter public, I would make it public; but it would do no good. As far as I can see, we can prove nothing.

"No, nothing would be gained by making it public. As you say, we can prove nothing yet."

"You believe we shall?"

"I am sure we shall."

"You have something in your mind, Ned. Tell me what it is."

"Walter, do I know the story of your life?"

"Yes, everything worth telling. Since my marriage it has been very humdrum, very uneventful, until—the priest entered my doors."

"Never mind; tell all your past history as though I knew nothing of it. Your boyhood, your quarrel with your father, your marriage, your early life in London."

Walter Raymond did as he was bidden. He told his story simply, but vividly. He seemed to take a delight in it. After all, the old boyish days, in spite of his father's harshness, were happy and full of gladness. He lingered over the early years of his married life, told of his joy when the children were born, described the struggles of those early years when clients were few and fees were small.

"But we *were* happy, Ned. Our little family was united; we had no secrets from one another; love and confidence were felt throughout every detail of our lives. Of course, Lucy's ill health brought me into close contact with the children. I had often to be mother as well as father to them. Then, as Joyce grew up, she little by little took work from my shoulders. Oh, you have no idea what a joy and gladness she was to me! Poor little girl! Her education suffered by it, but we became more and more to each other. I tell you the tears have come into my eyes, and a sob into my throat, often, when, after the other children had gone to bed, she came to me and asked me to help her with her lessons. Many a time, too, as I helped, her eyes would grow heavy, and she would go to sleep over her work. Then I would insist upon her going to bed, and

scheme how I could get a kind of mother's help into the house, and send Joyce to a good school."

"But your wife—was she really a companion to you?" asked Harrington.

"I suppose not; but I never thought of it. We loved each other very dearly, and we were happy. No, in spite of our poverty, there was not a happier home in England until that priest darkened our doors. Just think of it, Ned. I have no wife now, and—oh, my God, my God! I have no children.

"Don't say that, my friend."

"They shun me, Ned; they have their secrets from me; they have been taught to regard me as a kind of ghoul. I am looked upon as one who is crucifying their Christ again—as an enemy to religion. Their mother has taught them this. The old trust, the old comradeship, the old happy times, all are gone. Only Joyce remained the same to me, and now Joyce is gone."

Walter Raymond was not an emotional man, but he started to his feet as he spoke, and walked to and fro in the room like a man demented.

"We must find her, Ned; we must save her."

"Yes," said Ned Harrington, "we must find her, and we must save her. I feel that as much as you—perhaps more."

"Forgive me, Ned; I had forgotten. But really it is difficult for me to think of anyone loving my little maid like myself."

Harrington was silent. There was a far-away look in his deep-set eyes, and his strong, clearly-cut features were perfectly motionless, save for a tremor of his lips.

"You had some reason for asking me to tell you of the past, Ned," went on Raymond presently. "What is this something at the back of your mind that you are afraid to tell me about?"

Still Harrington remained silent, while Walter Raymond sat looking at him. The older man did not repeat his question. He knew that he would tell him if he thought it wise.

"It is a question of motive, Walter," he said presently.

"So you've said before. I have thought hours about it, and I can think of none—none, my friend, except the motive which appears on the surface. They will encompass heaven and earth to make one convert. I daresay, now, if I could have seen my way to yield to my wife's wishes and join their communion, things would have been different."

"Perhaps," said Harrington, like a man musing.

"You do not think so?"

"I have been interested in this Roman Catholic question for years, my friend. During those years I have heard a great deal about Ritzoom. Today, as I told you, I have made more inquiries about him, and these inquiries have confirmed what I had previously believed."

"And that?"

"Wherever and whenever Ritzoom interests himself in anyone, great stakes are at issue."

"Would he not regard the conversion of a family as a great stake."

"No; not in the way you mean. If he did, he would become a mission preacher. No; he is a Jesuit, and Jesuits from time immemorial have dabbled in mundane affairs. I will admit that their

final idea has been conversion; but their weapons have been carnal, my friend—carnal. Once upon a time they governed Europe through the throne rooms of every country. That power passed away, but for centuries there has hardly been a political trouble of any sort but they have been mixed up in it. Look at French troubles —the Dreyfus scandal: who was at the back of it? The Jesuits. Think of the history of Spain, the Don Carlos rebellion, the struggle for the Crown, the death of General Pym, the thousand underground schemes; who have been the prime movers? The Jesuits. Then there is the question of Irish Home Rule—who was responsible for the beginning of the business? Who backed the secret societies and fanned the flame of rebellion? Dublin is full of Jesuits. Ireland is full of Jesuits. Irishmen, well-informed Irishmen, tell me that it is not the Archbishop or the Bishops who rule even the Catholic Church in Ireland. It is the Jesuits. They, rule, they control, they supply brains and plans of campaign."

"But, my dear Ned, how can this apply to me? I am only a poor struggling lawyer, who has just got his head above water. My poor little Joyce has no name, no influence, no money."

"That is what baffles me, for, as I told you, wherever Ritzoom interests himself, there are large issues at stake."

"But what, Ned—what?"

"If I knew that, Walter—if I knew that, my way would be clear."

"You see, Ned, I neither have money nor expectations of any, save that for which I work. It is true things in that direction look brighter, but at best my income can only be a housand or two a year. Of course, my father is a rich man, but he has disinherited me. He crossed my name from the family Bible; he swore that I should never have a penny of his money."

"And Ritzoom knows that?"

"My wife knows it."

"Then he will know it; Brandon will know it; the whole ring of them will know it. Walter, why do you not go and see your father?"

"Would he see me, Ned? Would he exchange words with me? You say that you saw him, and spoke to him about me. Do you think he would."

"No," said Harrington, after a minute's hesitation, "I do not, on consideration, think he would."

"Besides, you know his Protestant views; you know how he hates anything that savours of Popery. If he is still interested in me, he will know that my family have joined the Roman communion, and that will embitter him more than ever against me."

"Yes," said Harrington; "I expect you are right."

"Even if I were to let him know that I hate the whole business, if I tell him that priestcraft has blighted my home and alienated my wife and children from me, it would make no difference. He would blame me for not being master in my own house. You know his views on that question. And more, even if we became reconciled to each other, and he desired to give me some of his money, he would know that my wife and children would benefit by it, and, so great is his hatred of the Romanists, such a thought would keep him from giving me a penny. He is a strange man, difficult to understand; but on that question his position is clear."

"All the same, I must find Ritzoom's motive," said Harrington presently.

"You still harp on that."

"Yes, I still harp on that."

"But we cannot spend all our time finding out that. My child is taken away from me; she is immured somewhere—where I do not know. Whatever may be Ritzoom's motive in advising her to leave home—and, mark you, we have no certain proof that he did advise her—the fact is she has left home, and I do not know where she is."

"And do you think I do not realise that?"

Ned Harrington spoke harshly—almost bitterly. It was evident that throughout the whole of their conversation he had been fighting with the anger that was raging in his heart.

"I realise it, Walter," he continued more quietly; "only God knows how much. I have thought of a hundred plans of search, and some of them shall be put into action without delay. But we must be wary, my friend—wary and silent. They work in silence, so must we. They are prepared to wait results, and, hard as it is, so must we."

For a long time they sat talking. Scheme after scheme they discussed, weighing carefully the *pros* and *cons* of this and that plan of action. They forgot that they had had no sleep on the previous night, forgot the penalty which must follow the long, wakeful hours of anxious thought. When the morning light streamed through the windows they were still discussing, still thinking. They knew they had a difficult work to do, and neither was a man who acted thoughtlessly.

Presently, however, Walter Raymond rose to go.

"I shall walk home now, Ned," he said. "I shall try to get two or three hours' sleep. Perhaps my brain will be clearer then."

Harrington looked at his watch. It had stopped—he had forgotten to wind it; but the clock on the mantelpiece told him that it was after four o'clock.

"Wait a minute longer, Walter,'" he said. "Ah! there he is."

Raymond heard the roll of wheels in the street outside, while Harrington went to the door. A minute later he entered the room with a rather strange-looking man, who gave Raymond a keen, searching glance, and then began deliberately to throw off a heavy overcoat.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SEARCH.

The newcomer was rather below than above the medium height. His hair was iron grey, and was cropped close to his head; his eyebrows, however, were long and bushy, which overshadowing piercing black eyes, gave him a somewhat ferocious aspect. The lower part of his face, however, suggested a man of mild and gentle demeanor—one who would love to play with children and tell them fairy stories. If a banadge were placed over his eyes, therefore, he would be taken for a mild, unsuspecting, innocent-looking little

man; but if the bandage were taken off, one would be led to give him a second thought, and then think of him as a "mysterious-looking little fellow."

"Well, Signore Volpe," said Harrington, "you have had a busy day."

"Yes, sir; I have not, as you say in England, let much grass grow under my feet; but I slept in the train. Ah, yes, from Dover to Herne Hill, I slept like a—what do you call it?—a top; ah, yes."

"I received your telegram."

"Yes, ah, but the signore, *il prete*, he seemed much disturbed; he examined everything, everybody but me—ah, I was only a plain-looking little man. He is gone to Bruges."

"To Bruges?"

"Yes, to Bruges. He met another priest on the *battello*—that is what you call the boat. He did not seem pleased to see him; but told him that he wanted a train to Bruges."

"That is all?"

"That is all; if you had instructed me, I would have gone to Bruges. I speak not French well, but enough for *parlare*. He is a great man, Signore Ritzoom."

"Why do you think so?"

"How do I know that a book is great, Signore Harrington? I read."

"Yes, he is a great man. But you are tired."

"*Un poco, si, signore*. Just a little, that is all."

"How many hours' rest do you require before you are ready for work again?"

"Six hours' sleep, and I am wide awake. It is just four. I go to my house. I take my basin of *pane e latte*, I go to bed, then it will be five; I sleep for six hours, that will make eleven. Then I will be awake, my brain will be clear, and I can work, signore."

"That is well. I shall expect you here at half-past eleven."

"*Buon giorno, signore*. You need me no more now?"

"No, you need rest."

The little man put on his heavy overcoat again, and with a comprehensive bow he left the orom.

"Signore Volpe is in his own way a character," said Harrington.

"Is he to be trusted?" asked Raymond anxiously.

"Yes. Of course, I have told him nothing that you would not care for a stranger to know. Presently we may have to tell him more; at present, however, there is no need. I did not think of him yesterday morning when I said we would not use a private detective. Neither, for that matter, can he be placed under that category. But he is a useful man. He is an Italian by birth and education. He was trained for the priesthood, but he got mixed up with some of the secret societies in Italy which existed during the struggle for independence. His great enemies were the Jesuits, and he hates them accordingly. For years he was hunted like a fox. He came to England as a refugee, and even after the power of the priest was broken in Italy he remained in England. He says his life is not safe in Italy. Years of plotting, however, have made him a useful man. He knows the Roman Church, he knows the Jesuits, and he has a wonderful gift as a detective. I had to defend him once in a peculiar case, and he declares he owes much to me. I have had but little use for him in the past, although I have been glad to employ him on various occasions. He, however, has for years been asking

me to give him work to do, and when I have employed him he has been overjoyed. He wants to repay me, he says, for my kindness to him. He is as cunning as the animal whose name he bears, and I believe him to be as faithful as a dog. I have an idea that Signore Volpe can help us a great deal. He has the advtantage of being but little known. He lives in seclusion, and works in the dark."

"If you trust him, that is enough, Ned."

"I do trust him. If any man can find out where Joyce is, Signore Volpe is the man."

"Ah, if he can find out!"

"Yes, you see, we have the Habeas Corpus Act on our side. If we can find out where she is, we can demand that she be restored to us."

Raymond shook his head despondently.

"Yes—yes; I know what you are thinking of. These holy fathers have a hundred ways whereby people can be hidden or removed to other convents. Still, we will succeed. Keep a brave heart, my friend."

Walter Raymond left the house, and walked towards Battersea. At that time he saw no hope anywhere. He had no proof that Joyce had gone to a convent, and therefore he could not demand her whereabouts from ecclesiastics. Indeed, if he sought to enforce legal power, possibly Brandon and Ritzoom would protest entire ignorance as to her residence. He could not so much as prove that either of them had used any means whatever to influence her in leaving her home. He had no hold upon them in any way. He was perfectly certain that they had influenced her, and that she was somewhere in their keeping, but he could prove nothing. It seemed to him, therefore, that the case was entirely hopeless. He could not bear the thought of making the affair public, and even if he could, he could not see that anything would be gained. Joyce was as much lost to him as if she was buried beneath six feet of earth.

Try as he would, he could think of nothing that would help in solving the problem. His eyes ached with much watching, his head throbbed with terrible pain. His whole nature cried out for sleep, and yet it seemed to him that he would never be able to sleep again. He let himself into his house. As he passed by his children's bedrooms he opened the doors and entered. They were sleeping quietly. But he did not stop at his wife's room. As he thought of her, his heart grew hard. He entered the little room which since his wife's decision he had called his own. It was the poorest room in the house—little more than a box, in fact. A narrow bed stood by the wall, and a few bookks stood on the little shelf above the bed. Without undressing, he threw himself on the bed.

"I shan't be able to sleep," he said, "but perhaps I can rest." Yet scarcely had his head touched the pillow than the events of the day seemed to recede from him, and in a few seconds he fell asleep.

Between two and three hours later the house of Walter Raymond echoed to the sound of merry voices. The children had their baths, and descended into the little dining-room, where the servant had placed their breakfast.

"Is mother coming down to breakfast this morning?" said Madaline.

"I don't know," said young Walter. "When I went into her room a little while ago she seemed asleep."

"Did you go into dad's room?"

"No."

"I wonder if he's back yet?" said Rachel.

"I wish things were like they used to be," said Walter.

"Hush, Walter!" said Madaline. "You know what Father Brandon said."

"I don't care," said Walter. "Things aren't nearly so jolly as they used to be. It was always fun to go out with dad. And wasn't it grand when we went to Brighton that day?"

"Yes, and you know what Father Brandon said to us afterwards. You know he told us that if we did what dad told us to do, we should grieve the Holy Virgin and anger our Blessed Lord."

"Yes, I know," said Walter; "but I don't believe it."

"That's wicked," replied Madaline; "and if I were to tell Father Brandon what you say you would have an awfully hard penance."

"And I suppose you will," said the boy. "But I don't care. Why should it be wrong to do what dad tells us? He is always good and kind."

"Why, you know that he refused to let me be baptised, and he's been very cruel to mother."

"When?" asked Walter stoutly.

"Why you know he has. Don't you know how Father Brandon said that until grace touched his heart he was an enemy of religion? He has taken Joyce to a Protestant school, and you know, too, that he has forbidden Father Brandon to come to the house."

"Then why has he come?" asked the boy. "It's dad's house. Besides, I'm not a bit better boy than I used to be, and it isn't half so jolly. I always used to like dad to hear me say my prayers; but sinceI've had to say those new prayers everything has been different."

"Hush, you bad boy!" said Madaline. "There, I believe mother is coming.

Mrs. Raymond entered the room as the girl spoke. There was a strange, dazed look in her eyes, as though she had passed a sleepless night. She looked grey, and haggard too, as though she were in pain. When she had left her room she had stopped outside her husband's door. She had heard him come into the house more than two hours before, and ever since she had lain awake thinking. A year before all was different. Then all was trust, all was peace. Now a great barrier had arisen between them. The priest had stepped in between them, and the old confidence, the old comradeship, had ceased. Since she had become a Roman Catholic, and had promised absolute obedience to the Church, their aims had been different. She had been made to believe that the commands of the Church should be placed before everything, and she had eagerly obeyed. She had tried to make him a convert, and she had not rested until the children were received into the Church. And all this had taken place in a year.

She thought of Joyce, and a great terror came into her heart. Where was her eldest child now? What was she doing? Was she content—happy? She remembered her as a baby, a little, bright-eyed child, and later still when she grew up to be her sole help, and Walter's great joy.

Perhaps it was this thought which caused her to open the door, and enter her husband's room. She gave a start as she saw him

lying on the bed. His hair was dishevelled, his face was drawn and haggard. She knew why he had been away. He had been trying to find their child, the child who was as dear to him as his own life. In spite of herself, her heart ached for him. She called to mind those long years of faithful devotion. After all, never had a woman a better husband than he. He had sacrificed everything for her. But for her he might have been a rich man, and his life might have been free from all the anxieties which had been his during the long years. She realised, too, the change that had come into his life. Yes; she had done her best to alienate the children from him; she had taught them to regard him as a heretic, as one who refused the light, and was therefore an enemy to her faith. Yes, he had been searching for Joyce, while she——

She left the room. What she had done, she had done from a sense of duty. She had promised to obey, and she had obeyed. He *was* an enemy to her religion. If he could, he would make all his children despise her religion. Had not her confessor bidden her beware of ever alloiwng natural affection to lessen her zeal for religion? Above all things, she must see to it that she obeyed her Church, and allowed nothing to stand in the way of carrying out her mandates.

"Are you well, mother?" asked Rachel as she entered the room. "Have you slept well."

"No, not very well."

"When shall we hear from Joyce?"

"I don't know—perhaps not at all."

"Not at all! Why, dad said that in the school to which she is gone all the girls are encouraged to write home."

"Yes, I know he said so."

"Don't you believe him?"

Mrs. Raymond was silent.

"I am sure it will be a good school," said young Walter. He was evidently prejudiced in favour of his father that morning.

"It is a heretic school," said Mrs. Raymond. "Perhaps the Holy Mother will interfere, and save her from going there."

"But dad has taken her there."

Mrs. Raymond was silent for a minute; then she said:

"If ever you have to go to such a place, remember the greatest sin you can commit is to be false to your religion, a sin which, unrepented of, will drag you into eternal ruin."

There was a terrible intensity in her voice, as though the thought of such a thing gave her agony.

"That is why you must beware of your father," she went on. "He despises our faith; he is an enemy to it. That was why he arranged to take away Joyce from the school at Bruges, and to take her to a Protestant place in Germany. As you love God, and as you care for your soul's salvation, never listen to him. His heart is hardened against the truth."

The children were all silent. In a way they could not understand they felt it an awful thing that their mother should awrn them against their father.

As soon as possible she hurried them off to school. She did not want her husband to come down while they were in the house. They would be sure to ask him questions about Joyce, and she was afraid lest he might say something which she thought they ought not to

hear. They had scarcely gone when a letter was brought to her. She broke the seal, and read the contents eagerly:—

"My dear Child,—Everything is satisfactorily settled, and the one whose eternal welfare is so dear to us both is now safe from the enemies of her soul. It will be best that you should not know her haven of rest—I need not explain why. Suffice to say that she is very happy and that she gives every evidence of fitness for the religious life. For the present it will be best that you should neither write to her nor receive any communication from her. It will be unwise to do anything to disturb the peace that has come into her soul, and, besides, we must remember that her enemies, especially the one of her own household, will be watchful. We must, at whatever cost, save her from the snares of the fowler. I would like to come and see you, but under present circumstances it would not be wise. Nothing must be done that can in any way arouse suspicion. Always remember, my dear child, that we, the children of the Church, must not set our affections on things temporal, but on things eternal. I have perfect trust in you.—Yours affectionately,

"Patrick Brandon."

"Pray for me."

She read this letter a second time, and then, as if her suspicions were aroused, she looked eagerly around her. She noted with satisfaction that the door was closed, and that there was no possibility of observers. But she did not seem to be satisfied. Hiding the letter, she crept out of the room, and went quietly upstairs. She listened eagerly at the door of her husband's room, and then quietly turned the handle of the door and entered. Walter Raymond was still asleep, but she saw by the look on his face that he was greatly troubled. Moreover, he moaned like a man in pain.

Like one fascinated, she stood and watched, and although she had been his wife for twenty years she felt like a culprit. It seemed to her that she had no right to be in the room, she who was the mother of his children.

"My own little maid! My own little Joyce!" she heard him say. "She is the only one whose mind has not been poisoned against me."

Mrs. Raymond felt as though someone had stabbed her, but still she did not move. Walter Raymond slept on, sometimes moaning as if in pain, and again uttering words which were unintelligible to her. As he lay there he looked ten years older than he had looked a year before.

"Where have they taken her?" she heard him say presently. "We must find out that, Ned. Those accursed priests may be clever, and the law is all on their side; but we must find her, Ned. We will never give up—never, never!"

He rose from the bed and opened his eyes as if he were awakened. He stared around the room, and she thought he gazed upon her; but there was no suggestion of recognition or intelligence. The eyes were glazed and ghastly, his face was drawn with agony. He made a movement as if to leap from the bed, but he only fell back with a moan.

"My own little Joyce—my own little maid! Oh, may God help me—may God help me!"

After this he slept more peacefully. He ceased either to moan or to speak. Mother Nature was folding him in her arms and soothing him as only she can soothe.

Mrs. Raymond did not move, even when she thought her husband had awakened. It seemed as though she were held by a spell. The moans he had uttered, the look of agony on his face, made her incapable of action. When she left the room her face was pale as death, and her features were drawn as if by pain. Perhaps she thought of the long years they had lived together in happiness.

She took the priest's letter and read it a third time, and as she read a look of dogged determination took the place of fear. After that she left the house, and went out towards Clapham Common.

When Walter Raymond woke it was past eleven o'clock. At first he was dazed. Nothing seemed clear to him. His only sensation was a feeling of overwhelming loss—why, he could not understand. But this was not for long. All the ghastly tragedy of the last two days came back to him, and for a moment it stunned him. Nevertheless, several hours' sleep had restored his energies, and he was again capable of action. He had a cold bath, and then came downstairs. The house was in quietness. He rang the bell, and the servant entered.

"Is anyone in the house, Martha?" he asked.

"No, sir; missis is gone out, and the rest are at school."

"Just so. Will you please get me some breakfast, Martha? Get it as quickly as possible."

"Yes, sir."

"Even the servant seems to be afraid of me," thought Walter as the girl went out.

Taking a law-book from the shelf, he read until the girl appeared with his breakfast; then, after partaking of a hasty meal, he prepared to go to the City. Just as he was leaving a boy brought a telegram.

"Calling at your office about four."

There was no signature, but Walter felt sure that it was Harrington who had sent it.

"He has had less sleep than I," thought Raymond. "This was handed in at the Strand at half-past ten. I wonder if he's done anything. Poor Ned, he's terribly cut up; but never mind. Please God, we'll be even with them."

He had no anxiety about his office work—he had told his confidential clerk that in all probability he should not be early that morning, and had as far as possible prepared for all contingencies. He left no message for his wife. He felt that they had nothing in common now. Rather, their interests were in opposition to each other. She sought to please a priest rather than her husband; the demands of her Church were more to her than the desires of the man who had given his life to her.

Arrived at his office, he went through the letters which his clerk had placed before him for special attention, and then, having dictated his answers, he sat back in his chair and again tried to solve the problem that was constantly before him.

"I can think of nothing," he said at length. "I shall have to depend on Ned for everything. Ah! that is surely his voice.

A minute later Harrington had entered his room, and Walter Raymond, having shut the door, looked at him eagerly.

(To be Continued.)

Death and Funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte.

(From the Mirror.)

THE following deeply interesting narrative of the death and funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte, is written by an officer quartered at St. Helena at the time, in letters to his mother. They contain a journal of the events as they occurred; and as the author had the best opportunities for observation, and his veracity may implicitly be relied upon, the narrative may be considered as a more circumstantial and authentic account of the last moments and funeral of that great man, than has yet appeared. It may be well to add that the letters are printed as they were written, without the slightest alteration.—Ed.

"*St. Helena, May* 6, 1821.

"MY BELOVED MOTHER,

"Before this reaches you, you will be aware of General Bonaparte being very seriously ill; as a man of war sailed a few days ago with despatches to that effect. It was impossible to write by her, she sailed so suddenly. Nap. has been ill this long time, but about a week ago he was given over, (it was then that the ship was despatched), and the other man of war was ordered to water and get ready for Sea. He was insensible on the evening of the 2nd, but on the morning of the 3rd he became sensible again, and knew the people around him; he then relapsed again into a kind of inanimate inesnsibility, and became gradually cold until yesterday morning, the 5th, when about eleven o'clock a signal was made by the governor to the admiral that he was expiring(and that a signal should be made when he died). The members of the council had been ordered on the 3rd to hold themselves in readiness to repair to Longwood to witness his death; and as to the governor, he almost took up his abode in the new house; things continued in this state until about two minutes before six in the evening, when he died, just as the sun was setting. The French commissioner, the admiral, and all the big-wigs, were immediately assembled to see the body, and workmen were employed in hanging the room with black; orders were sent for plaster of Paris to take a bust of him, but, I believe there is not enough in the Island, they are trying how Roman cement will answer. His death is announced in today's orders, and that he is to be buried at Longwood with military honors. General Count Montholon has taken the management of the funeral; the body will lie in state, we are to go this evening to see it; I shall then be able to give some information about this wonderful man, who for such a time kept the world in a ferment, and now is an inanimate lump of clay, without a person near him at all related to him. What a change the thread of his existence being served has caused in this island; people who have laid in stock to serve the troops with, have it now lying useless on their hands; horses that were worth £70, will not now bring £10; our huts that we have been obliged to build to put our servants in, and which cost us £6 to £10 each, are now useless; for this part of the Island will be uninhabited after we leave it, so that we shall all more or less feel the effects of his death; the report here is, that we are to be reinforced from the 66th, (who are to proceed home) and go on to Bombay, and sail up the Persian Gulf. He, Napoleon, has chosen an extraordinary place to be buried in, in case of his not

being removed to Europe, and that is in a place called the Devil's Punch Bowl, a little below the public road.

"I have seen him lying in state; it was a most melancholy sight; we assembled at Longwood about 4 o'clock, there were nearly all the officers and private gentlemen in the Island; after some little time we were admitted; the first room was empty, with the exception of one of the servants; in the second was Countess Bertrand; she looked wretchedly ill and pale, her eyes red, and swollen; I remained with some officers she knew, talking to her; she said she was glad the complaint he had died of was such an one that it was impossible he could have been saved, or that climate could have any effect upon him. (It was a cancer in the stomach, his father died of the same.) She said she hoped to be permitted to go home, now that it was all over. After a little time, I proceeded through this room, (in which he died); I was ushered in by Captain Crohat, the orderly officer. Napoleon was dressed in full uniform, green, turned up with red, breeches, and long boots, a good many orders on his breast, sword by his side, and cocked hat on, spurs also on; he lay on the iron camp bedstead that he had carried with him always, and on it was spread his military cloak, on which he lay; Count Bertrand stood at his head, dressed in black, the priest was kneeling by his side, and an attendant, the only person in the room who seemed to have life, and who shewed it only by driving the flies away; his countenance was serene and placid, it was of course fallen in; his features were handsome, and bold; his hand very delicate, and small, and of a beautiful colour; a crucifix was laid on his breast; his nose was particularly handsome, they had, in turning him on the bed, bruised it a little.

"To see a man, who had caused Europe and the world at large so much trouble, laying in a small room, on his military cloak and camp bed, dressed in his full uniform, with only two of his general officers near him, was an awful sight; it struck me so, I could have gazed on him for hours, have taken his hand and kissed it; but I could scarcely breathe while I looked, I fancied him in the different situations he had been in at---------- in fact, though I was scarcely two minutes in the room, more ideas crowded through my mind, driving one another out as quick as formed, than I could write to-night. On going out, I ruminated a long time on the instability of human affairs, and on the little use all his conquests were to him then! What would not thousands of people give to see what I have seen. He will be laid in his coffin, wrapped in his cloak just as we saw him; the first will be tin, the second lead, third and fourth wood. I shall be on guard to-morrow, when I shall try to see him again. I have been so fortunate as to procure some of his hair, and also a piece of linen dipped in his blood, curious keepsakes, certainly, but anything appertaining to such a great man, is worthy of being preserved. I will conclude this on guard, as well as answer your last—good bye.

"*Longwood Guard, 7th May, half-past 7 P. M.*

"I have had a great deal of trouble all day with people wishing to see Bonaparte. I have now got rid of every one, and shall have time to talk to you, my dear Mother, a little while. I went up this morning, soon after I mounted, and after asking leave, went into the room; he lay just as before, his countenance had fallen in a little more; there was only the priest, an attendant, and myself, in the room. I took up his hand, and held it some time, examining the fingers, and his features; that hand which kings had kissed, and which had caused so many to tremble. I never in my life saw a more serene or placid countenance; he seemed in a profound slumber, except the livid colour of his lips and cheeks; on his left were a star and two orders of some kind; these were all the ornaments about him; his hat was perfectly plain, with a black loop, and small tricoloured cockadee. I went in afterwards with our men; and as there were

only two officers, Rea and myself, I stood at the foot of the bed while the men passed through; their countenances were capital, as they looked on the body—they were indescribable, at least by letter; the smell at this time began to be rather strong, and I was glad to go away as soon as the men were gone. I was afterwards sent for by one of the doctors, and shewn his heart and stomach, which lay in a silver urn by his side, they were covered with fat: in the stomach I was shewn the hole that had caused his death; a hole that I could have put my little finger in. I had then an opportunity of observing the sword, which was a plain-edged small sword, rather old, with a gold and mother-of-pearl hilt, plain white belt, the one I suppose which he usually wore. The Countess was sitting in the next room when I went out; after talking to her some time, she advised me to go back and look at him again, as the last time I should see that great man. I did so, and took him by the hand, and muttered an adieu to him. I went in once again, they were taking the cast of his head, but the stench was so horrible, that I could not remain; Doctor Burton was taking it, with the French doctors: about a quarter past four the governor rode up, and ordered Captain Crohat to be on board the Heron, and sail with the despatches at sun-set; accordingly he was off in a great hurry at sun-set, which was about a quarter past six.—We shall inter the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte in the Devil's Punch Bowl, at 11 on Wednesday, 9th May. His heart and stomach will be placed in a silver urn (soldered up) by his side, in order to be removed to Europe, should it be hereafter thought proper; we are to bury him with the highest possible military honours; it will be a dismal sight certainly, but more of that hereafter; I must talk as well as I can of what goes forward at present. A most beautiful snuff--box, which has been bequeathed to the Countess, was shewn to me yesterday; on the lid was Napoleon's miniature, set round with the largest diamonds I ever saw, the likeness is an extremely good one of him, when in health. You can have no idea how lonely I feel on guard to-night; I know not how it is, but it is so; I have just posted the last sentinel I suppose I shall ever post around his body. I cannot drive his countenance from my mind's eye; it haunts me continually, and the smell is still in my nose and on my hands. I dare say this event will make a great stir in England some time before this comes before your eye, and you will be wondering why I have not written by the ship that takes the despatches; that is, however, easier said than done—no one can, I believe, write by this ship.

"*Thursday, May* 10.—We yesterday interred the remains of Bonaparte with military honours. The funeral I will describe as well as I can. In the first place you must understand the figure of the ground near Longwood. The island, generally speaking, is composed of high and narrow ridges of hills, running, or rather diverging, from Diana's Peak towards the coast, where they terminate abruptly in tremondous precipices; the valleys between these are very deep. Longwood is situated on one of the ridges, and the place Napoleon chose for his body to lie in was in the valley between that and St. James's Valley, where the town is, and which, from its circular form, is called (at least near the head of it, as I said before) the Punch Bowl; the part near the sea is called Rupert's Valley. To get down to the grave a road was made from the public road, which, I forgot to mention, runs completely round the Punch Bowl, within a few feet of the summit of the hill, standing down into the valley, and commencing exactly on the side from Longwood. The troops (of which there were about 1,600) were formed from Longwood guard-house, on the bank above the road, in succession, by seniority—20th Marines, 66th St. Helena Artillery Regiment, and Volunteers on the left; eleven guns of the Royal Artillery as the firing party. We were at open orders, resting on our arms reversed, band playing the dirge. After a little time the procession ap-

peared through the gate. First came the priest, and Henry Bertrand carrying the censor; after these, Doctor Arnot and the French doctor; next the undertakers, and then the body. The body of his own carriage had been taken off, and something like an open hearse put in its place; he was drawn by four of his own horses, with pos tilions in his imperial livery. There was a plain mahogany coffin; and instead of a pall, his cloak was thrown over it; on the top was a large book, with his sword lying on it. Napoleon Bertrand and the head valet walked one at each side of the hearse; six of our grenadiers, without arms, marched on each side. After the body came the led horse, beautifully caparisoned; on either side Counts Bertrand and Montholon; after them, a carriage with the Countess and two of her children in it; all the French were in black. The naval and staff military officers followed; and as soon as the whole had passed the whole of the line, we reversed arms and followed. The troops did not go into the valley, but formed on the road immediately over the grave, in the same order, resting on our arms reversed while the ceremony went on. On reaching the turning of the road leading down, the body was taken from the hearse, and carried by grenadiers of the 20th and 66th, under the command of Lieut. Comnor.

"I must now describe the grave or tomb that was prepared for him. The spot he chose is in the highest extremity of a small garden, belonging to a Mr. Torbet; it is completely overhanging for a space of about thirty square yards or more, with five or six weeping willows; on one side rises a spring of the best water in the island, and which he used every day to send for; this runs down the valley; there is no stream perceptible. Near the grave the moisture is just sufficient to keep the turf completely green and the place cool. Here the grave was dug; its interior capacity was 12 feet deep, 8 feet long, and 6 wide, surrounded by a wall about 3 feet thick all the way down, and plastered with Roman cement; about two feet from the bottom, and resting on blocks of stone, the stone coffin was laid, formed like a large stone box, with the lid open, and the lid resting on its edges; over the grave were placed beams and ropes to lower the coffin with. I must, I believe, explain it by words. At each end of the grave a triangle was erected, and a beam was laid from one to the other. Ropes, beams, and pullies were covered with black, the grave was lined with black cloth, and the ground for about three feet round covered with it; the rest was green sod. On the wooden coffin being lowered into the stone one, the lid was shut down, and the salute fired. They next proceeded with the Roman Catholic ceremonies. A subaltern's guard was then ordered from us to take charge of the grave or tomb, and three tents were pitched for their accommodation. An immense crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, and the Punch Bowl looked like an immense amphitheatre. I gave you a wrong statement of the coffins; the first is tin; second, mahogany; third, lead; fourth, mahogany; and fifth, stone. They intended to have buried him with a silver jug of water, a plate, knife and fork, and spoon, with some of his coins; but were obliged to leave the jug, bread, sword, and cloak, not having room for them. Sir Hudson would not allow any inscription on the coffin; so it is perfectly plain. Soon after the guard went we marched off. I shall mount guard there to-morrow. The French people have laid out Bonaparte's plate, arms, clothes, &c. for us to see; we go up in about an hour to look at them. For the present, good bye.

"*May* 11.—We yesterday went up, my dear mother, to see the effects of this great man. His bed-rooms were arranged exactly as they used to be when he inhabited them; they were two rooms, about 14 feet by 10 each; they formed one of the wings of the house, and opened into each other at the ends; the one nearest the body of the house opened by a glass door into the gardens. He had in each room, exactly similar to each other, portable iron bedsteads,

with brass laths for the bed to rest on. The rooms were hung with white; over the fire-place, which was at the farther end of the inner room, hung the portraits of his mother, of Josephine, Jerome, and two likenesses of his son at different ages; a sofa was placed near the fire-place, and over it hung the portraits of Maria Louisa and her child, beautifully painted. As far as I could learn, he used to endeavour to hide his lowness of spirits; but after every one had left him at night, and he thought himself unobserved, it used to break out, and he would go from the sofa to one bed, and from that to another, and back to the sofa; so that he scarcely rested four hours together. His clothes were all laid out in one room; coats, breeches, hats, shirts, stockings, shoes and boots, spy-glasses, guns, pistols, cloaks, gloves, &c.; the coats were plain uniforms of different colours, no ornaments, except the star and epaulettes. I tried on one of his cocked hats; he must have had an extraordinary wide head, for it would not fit me when put on square (the way he always wore it), but did when put on fore and aft. The pistols were the most beautiful I ever saw; there was only one case; it contained two brace, beautifully inlaid with silver and gold. His horse-furniture was there also; scarlet, edged with deep gold lace. The guns were fowling-pieces of different sorts; one had been sent to him by our king. In the other rooms were the plate and china; there was one complete set of silver, a set of gold knives and forks and spoons, no plates, or anything else; of course the eagle with the crown on his head and lightning in his grasp, was everywhere. There was a dessert and coffee service of China, the most beautiful I suppose that ever was made; on each plate was represented some action of Napoleon's; but the most curious plate of all was one with the map of France on it; each landscape and figure represented would bear the most minute inspection; on each saucer the head of some person was represented. I have as yet forgotten to mention where I am writing from. I know you admire some of the names we give places, so you shall have this.

"*Sepulchre Guard, May* 13.—It is now near nine o'clock; the wind sweeps furiously through the Punch Bowl, and rattles over poor Napoleon's grave. I have a sentry promenading each side of it; it is not yet finished. Two of the French people came to pay it a visit today; they deplored his loss very much; one asked me for a piece of the willow that overhangs the grave. I could not refuse it to an old servant; he divided it with the other; they put it in the crown of their hats, thanked me very warmly, and declared it of more value than crowns of gold; they then took a drink at his well.

"*May* 20.—This I hope will go into the post this evening; I must therefore soon conclude. A miniature painter, a Mr. Rutize, has taken a very happy likeness of Napoleon after death; he intends taking it home and engraving it. I have subscribed for two copies, which I have desired to be left for my father with Mr. R. B——; I hope you will like them. The likeness was taken on the second day after his death, previous to the cast of the head being formed. Napoleon has left to Dr. Arnot, a physician of ours, who attended him, a gold snuff-box and 600 Napoleons, all nice, new-looking, yellow little fellows. I have only time to say, give my most affectionate love to my dear father, and my grandfathers in Scotland and Ireland; and ever believe me, my dearest mother, your ever affectionate son, D. C. D.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

OUR venerable fellow citizen, the Rev. Wash. Gladden, lifted himself into fame, two years ago, by publishing an indignant protest against attacks upon Popery. The substance of Brother Wash's scream was, that Popery may possibly have done wrong in butchering Jews, free-thinkers, and Protestants in the Middle Ages, but that the butcher had reformed, changed its creed, and become benignantly tolerant, as well as progressive.

I find that an impression to the same effect is almost universal. In the United States, we have never, until quite recently, seen the real features of Romanism. We have seen *the mask* which the diabolical Harlot wore, but not her face.

When our forefathers most unwisely allowed *this foreign system* to plant itself in the midst of *ours*, they could not foresee what unchecked immigration would do, when Tariff-made Trusts should need abundant supplies to cheap foreign labor. They did not realize that the time would come when the two opposing systems, one foreign and the other domestic, would have to fight the battle of existence, and determine which should survive.

They failed to sufficiently weigh the fact that *the Roman Church claims to be a perfect society in itself;* and that this so-called perfect society arrogates to itself the right to mark the boundaries of its own jurisdiction.

In brief, the papal conception is this: Christ founded an earthly kingdom, and made Peter the ruler thereof: the Popes inherit from Peter, and therefore they rule in place of Christ.

We must obey God, rather than man; and, since the Pope is God's personal Vice-roy on earth, men must obey the laws and commands of Popes, rather than the laws and the commands of temporal rulers and civil authorities.

"All power is from God;" and, inasmuch as Popes are the mouthpieces of God—enjoying the exclusive privilege of knowing God's mind upon every possible subject—*all power descends from God to the Popes;* and the Popes act as the aqueducts and water-pipes, conveying and distributing to mankind this universal supreme power, which they derive directly from God.

Now, that is exactly the papal theory, stripped of rhetorical attire, and exposed to view in its nakedness.

The ambitious monk, Hildebrand, who is known to history as Gregory VII., formulated this papal theory in the 11th century, and plunged Italy and Germany into the bloodiest wars to establish it. In his savage struggle with the German emperor, Henry IV., he excommunicated that monarch, set up a rival throne, and forced the Kaiser to make the memorable surrender at Canossa, which is such a sweet episode to Romanists, even in our day. However, the papists never relate the sequel. They never tell how the Kaiser came back at the arrogant usurper, drove him from Rome, hunted and harried him from pillar to post, causing him to die miserably, an exile, after the Pope had called into Italy an army of Mohammedans who slaughtered thousands of Christians, and inflicted upon the Holy City greater ravages than the Northern barbarians had ever done.

Pope Innocent III., surnamed "the Great," carried Gregory's monstrous theory to its furthest development, when he took the crown from King John of England, and gave it to King Philip Augustus of France. Pope Innocent laid the curse of Rome upon the Great Charter of our liberties, asserting as he did so that it was the

work of wicked rebels against his vassal, King John.

Between a system which claims that Popes are the source of all power, and one which asserts that the people are, NO PEACE IS POSSIBLE.

Rome can wait, but it does not change. It is a corporation, and does not die. It outlives dynasties, monarchies, and republics. Where it has strength enough, it enforces its own system. Where it has not strength enough, it waits. During the period of waiting, there is a truce between Romanism and whatever other system prevails. So soon as Rome feels itself strong enough to fight, it drops the mask and draws the sword.

Down to 1870, it was murdering Masons and heretics in Italy: down to 1895, it was burning Masons and heretics in Mexico: down to 1898, it was torturing and assassinating in the Philippine Islands: *down to now*, it is persecuting and murdering in these United States, not to mention Spain, South America and Central America.

But there are millions of Protestants who refuse to see this, and who honestly believe that, somewhere, somehow, Rome has changed.

Where? When? In what respect?

They can't tell you; but, as they didn't see any 8 Mexican heretics being burned to death in 1895, and were not present when the priests had Dr. Rizal shot, nor when they appointed a New York priest to oversee the assassination of Mayor William Gaynor, they are incredulous. They are waiting to see a few more Doctor Barnetts mobbed, and a few more William Black's butchered.

Like Brother Wash. Gladden, they incline to the belief that, in some mysterious manner, at some unknown place, the Roman leopard changed its spots.

Yet, they can see that the priests put iron bars in the windows of the imprisoned nuns, but don't put any in their own.

The priests are not afraid of any thief, or burglar, or assassin breaking *their* windows at night; hence, no iron bars to keep the wicked *out*.

But the priests *are* afraid that something unwelcome will happen at the convent, where their women are kept under lock and key; hence, the iron bars, *to keep the women IN*.

It is exactly the same that it was 800 years ago, when Gregory VII. rigorously forbade the priests to marry, *but established the cloistered convents, to supply them with SUBSTITUTES FOR WIVES.*

Just as the monastic system of Rome has remained unchanged, so the laws and the purposes of the Papacy are precisely what they were in the days when Pope Innocent the Great launched the anathema of Rome against our Great Charter.

Are you willing to consider evidence on this proposition?

Is your mind open to conviction?

Will you judge Popery by its official utterances, or will you continue to delude yourself with the lying subterfuges of American priests?

In the year 1903, the Benziger Brothers, of New York City, copyrighted and published a book entitled "The Great Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII." The Preface was written by the Jesuit, Rev. John J. Wynne. In Rome, Italy, the work was o. k.'d by the papal censor, Remigius Lafort; and in New York it had the official approval of John Farley, Archbishop of New York, now a Cardinal.

You will see at once, that whatever is contained in the book *is supreme, unquestionable evidence of what the Roman church stands for*, since the Letters are those of the Pope, are confined to subjects peculiarly within his jurisdiction, are put forth with all the formality of *ex catnedra* declarations, and are consequently "infallible."

The first of these official Letters bears date April 21, 1878; the last, March 19, 1902. Therefore, we are not going back to the Middle Ages to hunt witnesses against Romanism. We are accepting the most recent complete expositions of what Romanism means;

and we accept, as our sole witness, *the Pope himself.*

Could anything be fairer? If I can prove, by Leo XIII., that the Papacy is the implacable foe of our system of laws, institutions and government, the Protestants should believe it, because they must admit that the Pope understood his own position; and the Catholics must believe, because, on these questions, the Pope could not err.

What, then, does he say?

On page 125, Pope Leo XIII. eulogizes Pope Gregory XVI., and positively endorses the celebrated Encyclical Letter of August 15, 1832, in which Gregory furiously denounced democracy, free speech, free press, liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, separation of Church and State, and education by the State.

For fear that American Catholics might not be informed of those sinful errors which were condemned by Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., Leo places some of them on the margin of pages 125 and 126, in order that his dutiful American children may learn how Romanism denounces Americanism.

Pope Leo cites Proposition XIX. which declares the Roman church to be independent of the Civil power, and above it.

Proposition XXXIX. condemns the Jefferson-Lincoln theory, that Government is "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Proposition LV. condemns the separation of Church and State.

Proposition LXXIX. condemns the doctrine that all forms of religious worship should be tolerated, and that every person should have the right to form and express his or her own convictions.

In his text, Pope Leo amplifies these anti-American principles, emphatically approves them, and calls the opposite doctrines "a shameless liberty."

On page 96. Leo spurns the proposition that all men have the same natural rights, that each human being is born free, and that no one has the right to rule another.

He denounces the democratic doctrine of popular self-government, and the equal toleration of different forms of Christian worship. He repudiates the idea that the victims of a tyrannical ruler have the right to overthrow him, and set up a better government. Pope Leo says that "if those who are in authority rule unjustly, and if their measures prove hurtful to the people, they must remember that the Almighty will one day bring them to account."

In other words, Englishmen must not rebel against the tyrant John; nor Frenchmen against the intolerable *Ancien Regime;* nor Mexicans against the murderous Mora-Huerta usurpers; nor Irishmen against "the oppressive Saxon:" the people must endure patiently, remembering that the tyrants will catch hell hereafter. (See page 110, where this sweet papal doctrine is enlarged upon.)

Swathed in the mummy wrappers of medievalism, the Popes haven't had a new idea in their heads since the Council of Trent adjourned, in 1563. Modern sunshine exists for everybody, excepting the bats and the owls that fly into the Vatican, as the day closes, and fly back to hide, as the night wanes.

Progress is heard running hot-foot down all the roads, but not in the Dismal Swamp of papal theology.

Deadly miasma is being drained off the Maremma and the Campagna, but not off St. Peter's and the Vatican hill.

Pope Leo XIII. actually declared that all the ills of modern society were directly due to the fact that peoples had broken and cast off "the most sweet yoke that bound them to the Apostolic See."

"*The most sweet yoke!*"

O what a most sweet yoke it was, to be sure! How most sweet were those chambers of unutterable torture, that the shuddering traveller can yet see in the olden palace of the Popes at Avignon, and those that were seen in 1848, when Italian patriots flung open the

heavy doors of the Pope's inquisition in Rome!

How most sweet was the yoke which paralyzed every brain, shackled every tongue, and burnt the thinker, who expressed his belief in other planetary systems than ours.

"The most sweet yoke that bound them to the Apostolic See," and that caused them to wage relentless warfare upon all Christians who could not believe that wafers and wine are the raw materials out of which bestial nun-keepers create their Creator.

(See page 14.)

Pope Leo denounces our "godless" public schools; and declares that Civil marriage is nothing more than concubinage. He does not confine his statement to Catholics, but applies it to all. He broadly says that the State has no jurisdiction over the subject matter of marriage, and contends that the Roman Church *alone* has divine authority to prescribe laws for marriage.

On page 81, he says—"We commend to you those unhappy persons who, carried away by the heat of passion, and being utterly indifferent to their salvation, *live wickedly together*, without the bond of lawful marriage."

The unhappy persons here meant are those husbands and wives whom you see trooping every Sunday into Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian churches. They are "utterly indifferent to their salvation," and they "live wickedly together," *because* they married under the laws of the State, and did not send for a bestial bachelor priest.

On page 18, 11th line from the top, this Pope Leo reiterates what Pope Pius IX. said in his Discourses of 1872-3: he calls Christian marriage by State laws, "*legalized concubinage.*"

He doesn't use the word "filthy," as the worn-out old rake, Pius IX. did, but the meaning is the same, since any concubinage *is* filthy.

"*Legalized concubinage in place of marriage!*"

The Roman Church alone can validly *marry* Christians: those Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Christians, and Presbyterians who were content to be married by a Protestant clergyman, under the laws of the State, are guilty of concubinage, live wickedly together, being utterly indifferent to their salvation.

Who are these concubines whose shame is proclaimed to all the world by this lecherous Italian priest, Leo XIII., by Cardinal Farley, and by the great Catholic publishing house of Benziger Bros.?

Those concubines were our mothers: they are our wives: they are our married daughters!

Yet these foul-mouthed priests of Rome, *who use other men's wives and daughters*, dare to demand that Congress close the mails to all "filth," *excepting theirs.*

What does Leo XIII. impose upon all American Catholics, as a political duty?

On page 131, he says that "*Catholics should extend their efforts beyond this restricted sphere* (private and domestic matters) *AND GIVE THEIR ATTENTION TO NATIONAL POLITICS.*"

He urges Catholics to take part in law-making, etc., for the purpose of so changing our laws as to substitute those of Rome, for those of this Re public.

Abolish divorce, close the public schools, unite the Roman Church with the State, suppress freedom of speech, of press, and of conscience; teach the gospel of St. Thomas Aquinas in all the Catholic seminaries, and thus instil into youthful Catholic minds the hellish medieval doctrine that one Christian may kill another for a difference of theological opinion.

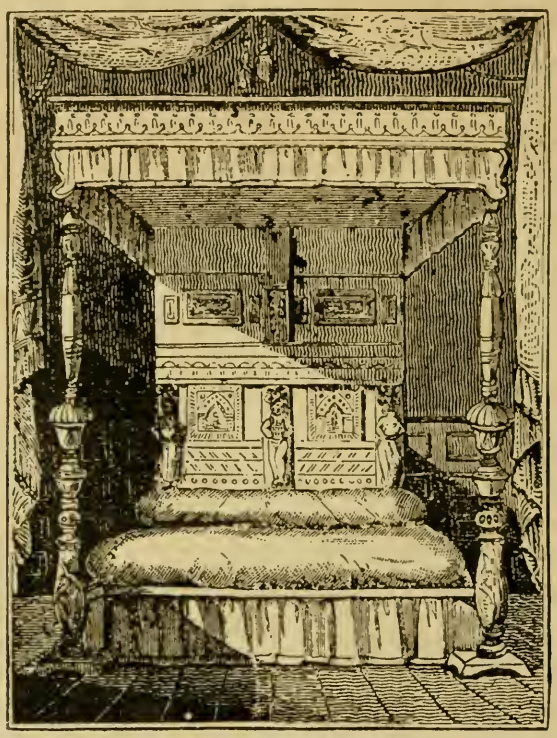
Such is the gist of the lesson Catholics are learning from these infallible Letters of Pope Leo XIII.

(For Leo's rapturous praise of Thomas Aquinas and his damnable doctrines, see page 48 *et seq.*)

It may interest you to read a portion of the Encyclical of Gregory XVI., 1832:

"From this polluted fountain of indifference flows that absurd and erroneous doctrine, or rather raving, in favor and defence of 'liberty of conscience' for which most pestilential error the course is opened to that entire and wild liberty of opinion, which is everywhere attempting the overthrow of religious and civil institutions, and which the unblushing impudence of some has held forth as an advantage to religion.

Hence that pest, of all others most to be dreaded in a state, unbridled liberty of opinion, licentiousness of speech, and best of novelty, which, according to the experience of all ages, portend the downfall of the most powerful and flourishing empires." "Hither tends **that worst and never sufficiently to be execrated and detested LIBERTY OF THE PRESS,** for diffusion of all manner of writings, which some so loudly contend for, and so actively promote."



BED UPON WHICH KING RICHARD III. LAST SLEPT

Shakespeare, more than our historians, has made the life and fate of Richard III. familiar to the British public—yea, to the world: his was certainly an eventful history, and an incident connected with its close cannot be uninteresting to our readers.

When Richard set out to encounter the Earl of Richmond, he proceeded to Leicester, which city he entered on the 21st of August, 1435, and slept at the Blue Boar Inn, part of which is supposed to be now standing opposite to the Free school. The bedstead on which he slept is still preserved, and we present our readers with a correct representation of it as a curiosity in domestic furniture.

The history of this bedstead is curious. In the year 1613, Mrs. Clark, keeper of the Blue Boar Inn, was robbed by her servant maid and seven men; the relation of the robbery is thus given by Sir Roger Twisden:—"When King Richard III. marched into Leicestershire against Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., he lay at the Blue Boar Inn, in the town of Leicester, where was left a large wooden bedstead, gilded in some

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places, which after his defeat and death in the battle of Bosworth, was left either through haste, or as a thing of little value (the bedding being all taken from it.) to the people of the house; thenceforward this old bedstead, which was boarded at the bottom, (as the manner was in those days,) became a piece of standing furniture, and passed from tenant to tenant with the inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this house was kept by one Mr. Clarke, who put a bed on this bedstead, which, his wife going to make hastily, and tumbling the bedstead, a piece of gold dropped out; this excited the woman's curiosity; she narrowly examined this antiquated piece of furniture, and finding it had a double bottom, took off the uppermost with a chisel, upon which she discovered the space between them filled with gold; part of it coined by Richard III., and the rest in earlier times. Mr. Clarke concealed this piece of good fortune, though, by degrees, the effect made it known, for he became rich from a low condition, and in the space of a few years, Mayor of the town, and then the story of the bedstead came to be rumoured by the servants.

"At his death he left his estate to his wife, who still continued to keep the inn, though she was known to be very rich, which put some wicked persons upon engaging the maid-servant to assist in robbing her. These folks, to the number of seven, lodged in the house, plundered it, and carried off some horse-loads of valuable things, yet left a considerable quantity of valuables scattered about the floor. As for Mrs. Clarke herself, who was very fat, she endeavored to cry out for help, upon which her maid-servant thrust her fingers down her throat, and choked her, for which act she was burnt, and the seven men who were her accomplices, were hanged at Leicester sometime in the year 1613."

The bedstead afterwards came into the hands of Alderman Drake, but it had then been cut down; the feet, which were two feet and a half long, have since been replaced by modern ones. It is not, however, probable, that so heavy a piece of furniture, even in the fifteenth century, would be carried about as a part of the camp equipage by a person like Richard III., who was everything in the field, and regardless of those indulgences, which could only gratify minds intent on less important objects.

The bedstead, most likely, was the best in the inn, and the money might have been secreted by Richard till his return after the battle.

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